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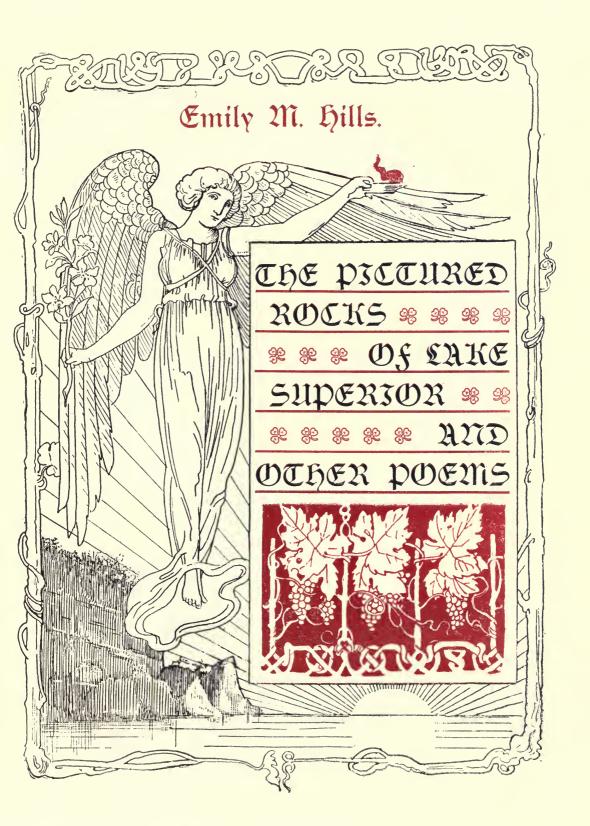








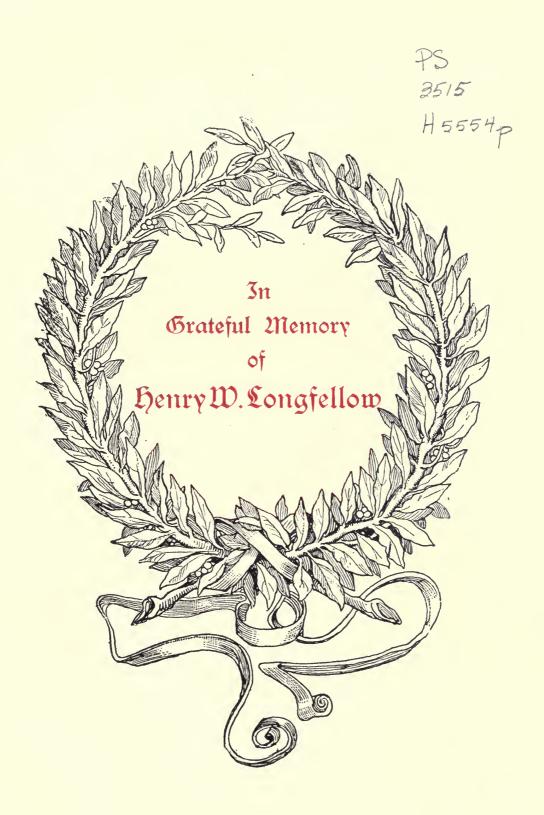
Emily M. Hills.

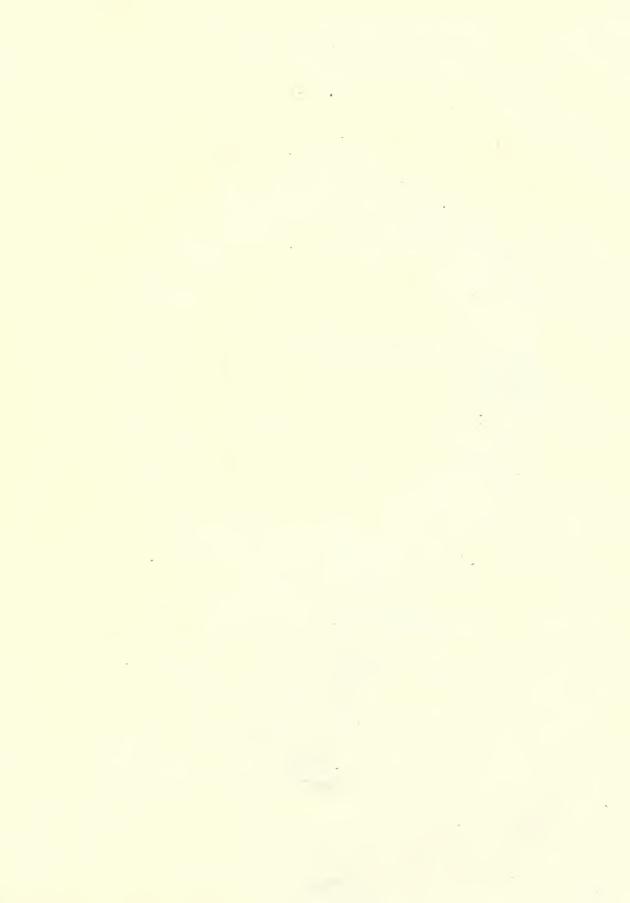


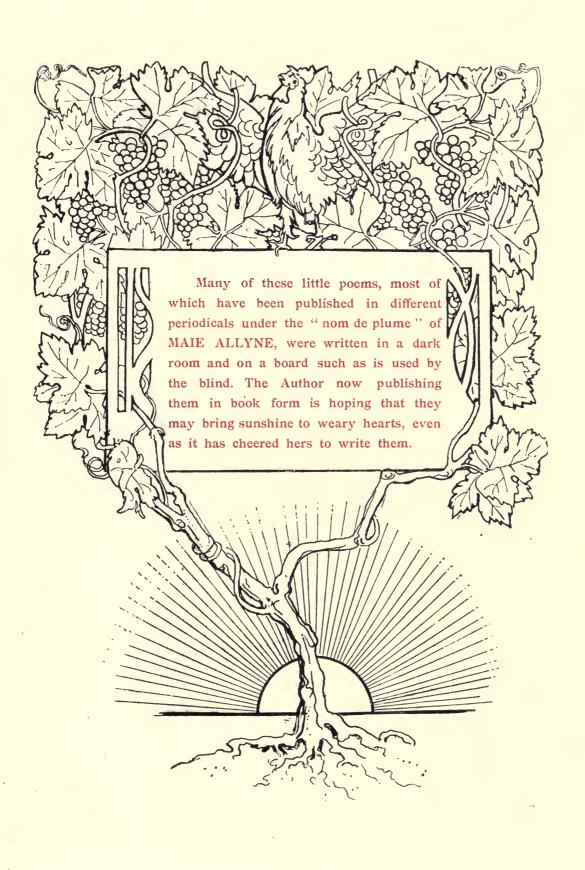
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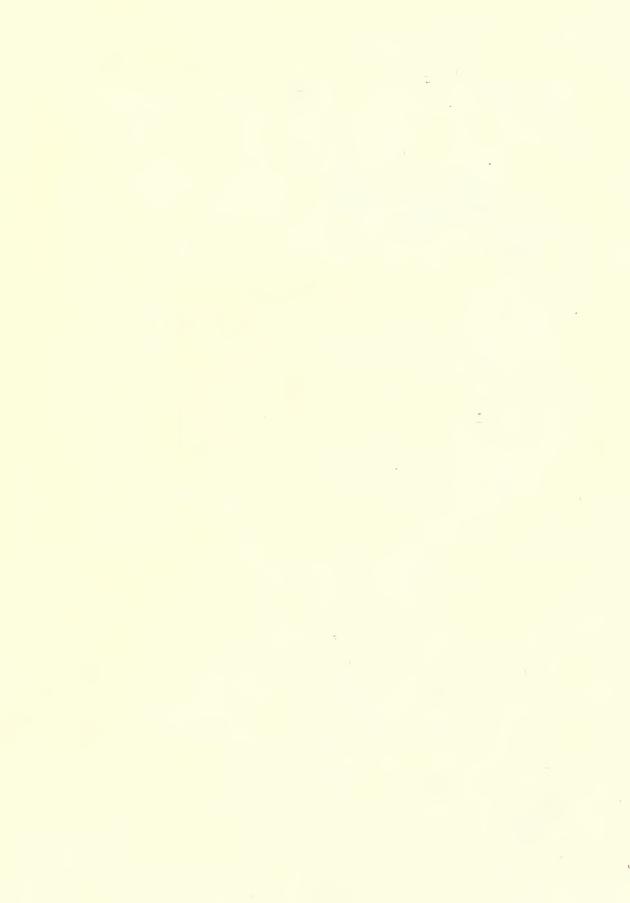
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SVETIÆ ET NORVEGIÆ * * *











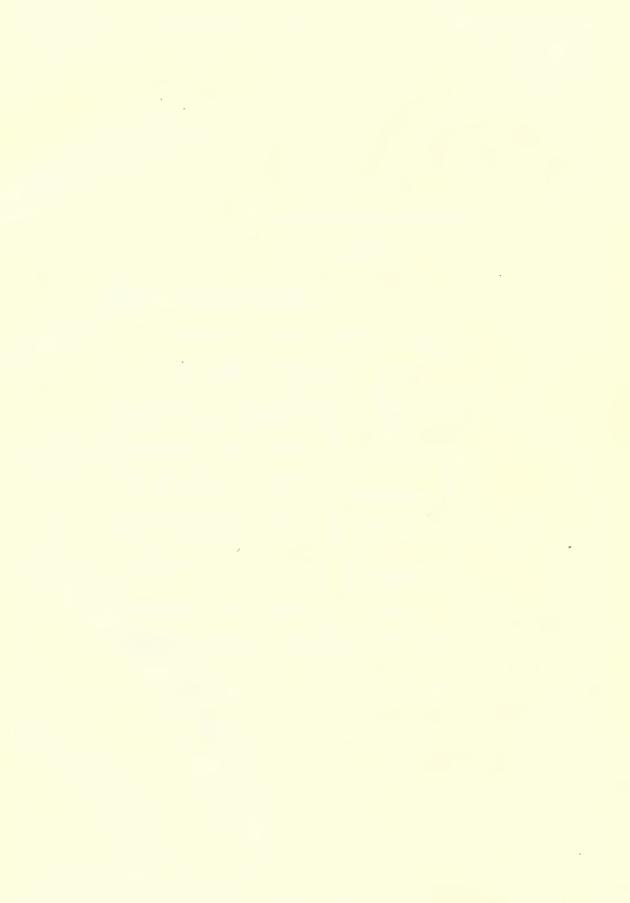
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Dear Miss Stills,

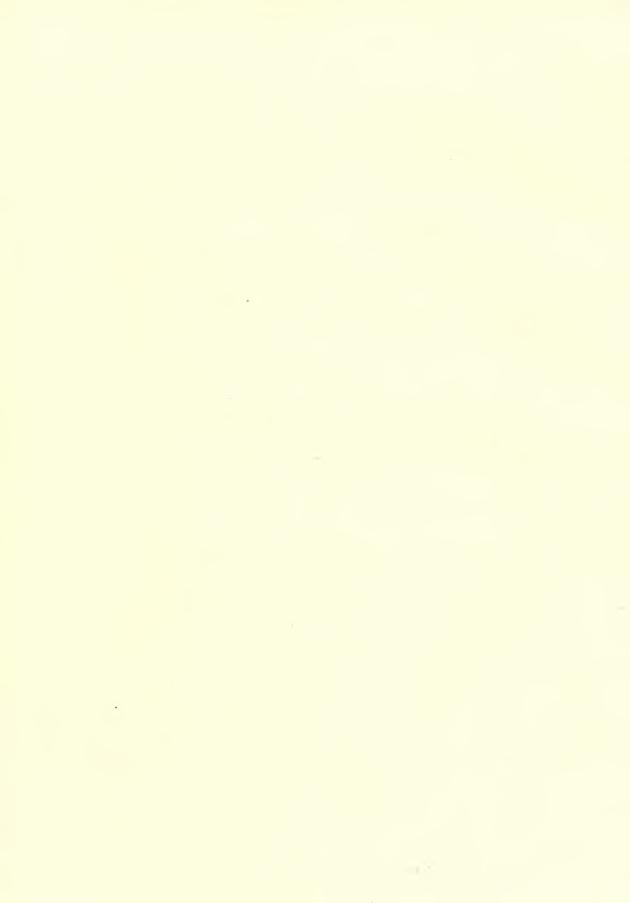
I have read mit much pleasure the poems you, sent; me,; and have for; wanded the one I preferred, "A Bieture" to the Edistor of the "Yorth's bompanion" a Boston paper of agood repute and very wide circulation. If he ihinks as mell of it as I do he will give it as place in

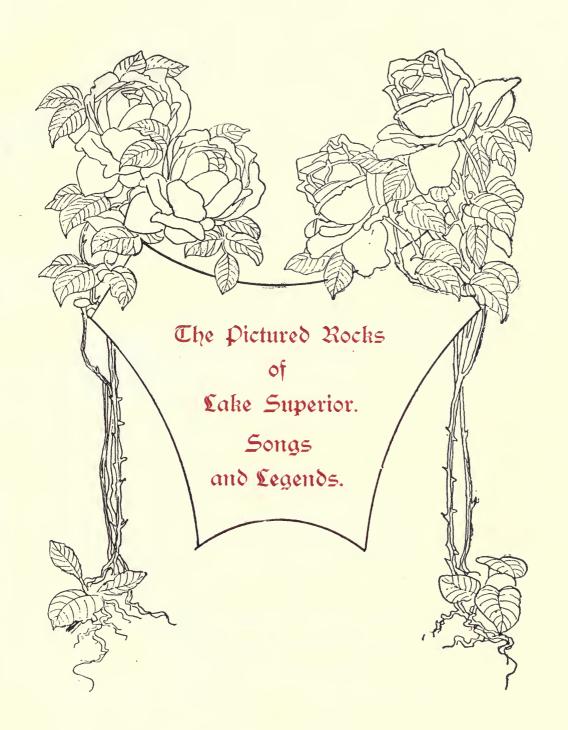
his columns.

Stir address is M Terry Meson, III Semple Slace.

He will doubtless wite to you directly. Your very bruly Henry M. Langfellow.









The Pictured Rocks of Cake Superior.

No zephyr stirs the balmy air,
We seem to near a city fair
Nor startle its repose.

The city spans the water's edge,

The rock-built heights rise far above;

What Master-hand, what hand of love

Hath beautified each ledge?

Rare tints blend through its long façade
In lines of beauty stretching down,
A pictured ruin mosses crown
That seems of woods inlaid.

Here, one great house remains of all,

Long bas-reliefs of figures stand,

Some kneeling, some with lifted hand,

And hounds that list no call.

What loftier Castle hath the Rhine
With Gothic gateway, grand and old,
Great battlements and towers bold,
Whose walls the ivies twine?

Ne'er banner hath its turrets borne;

A river flows its lone way here,

A little sandy beach is near,

Then rocks with pictures worn.

The boldest cliff the waves have hewn
Grand Amphitheatre to build,
Whose heights o'erhang, with strange forms filled,
With gorgeous colours strewn.

And o'er high jutting ledge doth run

A sylvan stream of mist and pearls

That swift in airy flight down whirls,

Far glistening in the sun.

What fancies wake this ruin vast

Where fiends of fire must once have hurled

Great temples, as of some old world,

In sable wildness cast!

High on the wave, with proud sails set,

Seems running to the rocks a Ship

Whose prow moves not the surf to dip,

That ne'er such strange sails wet.

Near waits the Fleet with idle sails

Which ne'er will cross the harbour bar,

Though waves come dashing from afar

And strive with rending gales.

Naught save the snowy gull is seen

Where in the cliff she builds her nest,

O'er wondrous town no foot hath prest,

She wings, its lonely queen,

O'er villa, Church and terrace high,
O'er woman's face which storm and mist,
The sunbeam and the rain have kissed,
More fair 'neath moon-lit sky.

Our helm the rich-hued Portal stays, *

The gulls affright, complaining soar;

Great ships might pass this lofty Door,

Its grandeur doth amaze.

With silent awe we enter in,

'Tis some Cathedral-dome of eld;

More beauteous tints were ne'er beheld

Where artist's touch hath been.

Its splendours one can scarce portray;

These circling colours, soft and warm,

Have felt the fingers of the storm,

The sun's rich pencilling ray.

What temple hath a font so lone?

Across its waters clear and deep

Our echo long doth echo keep,

Beneath is massive stone.

As through the postern-door we glide

Close by these rocks of magic hues,

Rare loveliness their might subdues,

Their time-wrought pictures bide.

The clinging moss hangs far from reach,

The air with odorous pines is sweet,

Gay pebbles far the waters greet

And strew the Chapel Beach.

Enchanting spot for summer hours!

A wanderer's tent here softly gleams
'Mid cliffs and pines that breathe sweet dreams,
'Mid waves, rare stones and flowers.

No pictures glow this shore's half-mile

- But sands the crested waves have brought;

As some sweet interlude, is wrought

This haunt for Nature's smile.

The Chapel Falls their echoes wake,

Where these strange rocks uprise again

In ancient, lofty, ruined fane

High o'er the ruthless lake;

Great columns bear its massive height,

Whose forms unique no hand hath traced,

Nor pulpit, altar, desk hath placed

So grand in their rude might.

Perchance the gods these altars reared,

Where 'midst the waves Great Manitou

Might bless his dusky children true,

By spirits fierce be feared.

A half-score miles of height and curve

The frost and storm their sculpture lent,

A thousand brilliant dyes are blent

Their varied forms to serve.

The Great Cascade then sparkling leaps
From lofty height to depth below,
Its snowy veil with tints aglow
Melodious measure keeps.

From that fair shore we swiftly skim;

The risen moon at East grows higher,

A-west are sun-dipt waves a-fire;

Soft glows each cloud's grey rim.

Through evening's hush glad echo rings;

The shore between the rocks recedes;

Their lovely grace for memory pleads,

And mine this tribute brings.

Brave oars were bent with tuneful stroke,

Friends greeted us as those long gone,

Swift veiled the fog, till drowsy dawn

The dismal pipes awoke.

August 16. 1883.

(*) The Grand "Portal" - The Rock projects into the Lake 600 ft. and has a front of 300, or 400 ft. façade 133 ft. above the water.

"The Door" or arched gateway is 100 ft. in height, 160 broad; water 100 ft. deep as we near, and 50 ft. at the entrance.

The Passage 400 ft. long, 180 ft. wide, the dome 150 ft. to 200 ft. above the water.

A HYMN.

A Morning Thought.

(October 1st, 1901.)

God of morn so bright and fair,
I give Thee grateful praise.
May angels guard with loving care,
Thy Spirit keep my ways!

Unseen, though known, Thou leadest me.

While holding Thy dear Hand

I fear not, though I may not see

The path Thy love hath planned.

So day by day as Thou dost teach "Ask what thou dost desire,"
With my full heart to Thee I reach;
Wilt Thou my words inspire?

As angel-guests are entertained

Oft unawares, may thought

Bring message sweet to some soul-pained

Of beauty Thou hast wrought!

The Mantle of Love.

As in majestic state he sat enthroned,

Two Bishops came, of grave and reverent mien.

One to his side with accusation went,

While one before him silent, calm, attent,

Stood waiting on his accents silver-toned.

And silently the wise, great ruler heard

With patience, till the story was complete.

Then, "Have you done?" solemn, august his word,

And "Yea, my Lord" the Bishop answer made;

When Constantine arose, with haste off-laid

The costly robe for kingly shoulders meet,

And covered the accused with scarlet fold,

Now, "Where is he?" Th' accuser low replied,

"Your Majesty's fair mantle I behold,

But naught of him its grace reveals to me."

Then spake the noble Emperor, "So must we
The sins of others with Love's Mantle hide."

Again, he would within San Marco pray,

Nor dared to ask for her who was so dear;
Some gracious saint might there his pain allay

With whispered safety in his yearning ear.
A gentle spirit, beauteous and pale,
Came, black-arrayed. He saw through misty veil.

Was't ghost or she to whom he was so true?

Such joy was shining in her lovely eyes—

Did she not mourn his brother twin? light new

Had dawned, and love outspake his glad surprise.

Then she, "I loved him not, though he was good,

For love's keen eyes discerned thy brotherhood."

When mourning days had passed away, out-rang
San Marco - their sweet bridal bells; and fair
The bride, the hearts were true, that with love sang
Together, one, where first they met for prayer.
'Gain nobles to the old palazzo pressed,
For there love's sacrifice of love was blessed.

The faire Ladye.

A Dream of the Sea.

HE wild swans lift their snowy plumes
And crest the raging sea, they ride
O'er wind-tossed wave, they stoop and lave
In hollows deep and wide.

My ladye's sail, so small and frail,

The graceful swans bear swiftly o'er
The ruffled deep, that fain would keep

Sweet treasure evermore.

Pale gold her hair gleams in the sun,
Her silken sail a shred is worn,
While to the mast she clings close fast
A statue onward borne.

A swimmer saw through surging waves

The white swans trail a broken spar,
Where fair and cold, might he behold

One dear, his love's bright star;

Long 'tendance swayed 'twixt hope and fear;

Ne'ermore her sail the wild swans drew;

Its silken cord bound her glad lord

And wrought life's sails anew.

On the steamer "Northland," Lake Superior, August, 1895.

A high Tide of the Susquehanna.

A True Incident.

Through many homes along its bank,
Through many hearts whose courage sank,
Where dwelt the lowly poor near by.
All day the rain had brimmed it o'er;
At eventide the waters bore
Those ruined homes, for plank and beam
Went drifting down the swollen stream;

And boats were sailing on the tide,

For o'er the land had flowed a sea,

Where throngs of sad humanity

The saving oars did eager bide.

The morning dawned so cold and grey,

The river rushed on to the bay

O'er fertile fields and pastures green

Where homely dwellings once were seen.

O cruel river, wreck bestrewn!

From other towns true hearts and brave
Made haste with ready aid to save,
For many homes still held their own.

Among them, like a tower old,
One stood amidst the waters bold
Outreaching t'ward their lofty prize,
Close watched by wan, despairing eyes.

The lights shone through each busy street,

They gleamed upon the river white

Which glistened in the moon's pale light,

And o'er the tower, where sad and sweet

There knelt a child at evening prayer.

With grandmama so lone her care—

In her old home she would be left

Till grief and sleep her sense had 'reft.

"The water has come up, 'tis in!
Wake, grandmama! Oh wake!" oft wild
But vainly called the frightened child;
With cries and flying steps to win
The balcony where aid she sought;
Then prayers and tears, till sleep was fraught
With dreams; while through the night there came
Two city youths of honoured name,

The river's desolation scanned.

The moon illumed the ruined pier,
A little boat left moored a-near

They seized, as though an angel-hand
Were leading them in danger's course,
Where waters wild with unspent force,
Resistless might, were rising still;
As brave they wrought with patient skill,

Like fire-flies gleamed the flitting lamps

That sought loved mercy's way along;

What was 't they heard? a bird's sweet song

That rose so clear through river damps?

'Twas supplication, prayerful hymn.

Swift sped the oars, kind eyes grew dim;

Far guide was their's—the youthful voice,

Yet Hope assuring breathed 'Rejoice.'

Where rose, all bathed in light, a tower,

They saw a child in white robes stand
With golden hair and claspéd hand,
Still voiceful pleading higher Power.

Joy to her beauteous eyes did leap,
As swift they neared the window deep,
When, like a bird, she darted on
To that safe nest her song had won.

"Ah! sirs!" she sighed, "erewhile I dreamed,
When closed mine eyes — they wearied so
For grandmama who sleeps below —
Two pitying angels bending seemed,
Then glad I sang and patient grew.
So God's two angels must be you."
She nestled like a wearied bird,
Her prayers for life and love were heard.

The Legend of an Vasis.

ZRU-BEN-ADAD, he who was so good,
With low salaam and reverent touch of hand
Spake thus one day, and prayed his Lord's command:
"My Lord, I'd serve Thee more." E'en as he stood,

Well pleased his gracious Lord replied: "My son,
Afar in desert wild thou'lt waters find.
Go. dip, and pour them, wouldst thou bless mankind,
And thou shalt win a crown when life is done."

Then sorrowful Ben-Adad went his way

Obediently to seek the hidden spring

That bubbled 'neath the sands, a living thing,

Refreshing draught that cheered his heart to stay.

Lone 'mid the scorchéd waste in weariness

He poured. The precious boon ne'er loss sustained,

But after many days had slowly waned,

Lo! tender grasses sprang the earth to bless,

"Ah! sirs!" she sighed, "erewhile I dreamed,
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But after many days had slowly waned,
Lo! tender grasses sprang the earth to bless,

And slumbering seeds of palms made haste to rise.

As o'er the sands the lovely verdure grew

The weary toil was sweet as he'd been true,

Till gladness shone from his delighted eyes.

Then came the singing birds, and gay wild flowers
Bloomed by the rivulets in sweet abound,
Till beauteous grew the picture labour crowned,
Where oft the pilgrims whiled their weary hours.

For when the companies, who journey far
With "patient ships" that love the grasses' taste,
Descry this boon amid the desert waste,
They're like poor travellers guided by a star.

What tales beneath the palm-tree's grateful shade
Of lonely wanderings through the dreary wild,
And visions strange which oft had sense beguiled
Ere found the rest by good Ben Adad made!

Long blest of God to Paradise he went;

And when his form lay cold the sands among,

His patient faithfulness by all was sung.

This great oasis is his monument.

A Child's Thought.

AID a little child, "O mamma dear,
What does God do with the moons so old?

Does He grind them up to make the stars?"

Then she listened to the story told

Of the shining heavens, till sleep beguiled.

The old moon lighted her hair of gold

With its rays like silver bars.

A Mother's Jewels.

Am I, for thou'rt long gone and I alone.

At thought of thy return my heart was glad,

But since the yester-morn what grief I own!

Thou lookest strange at me. Yes, I must tell:

With jewels rare, years seven my happy care,
A King entrusted me. Alas! befel—

On yester-e'en what long ago (O spare!)

He loaned; came messenger for them with speed.

Thou lookest cold as I do this unfold,

And what would'st thou have done? I could not plead.

Thou art surprised such thought to thee is told.

To give them back, nor hesitate — 'twas pain,

But taking them he went, for he was sent.

Lo! I have none for thee. My jewels twain

So precious, so alike were only lent.

Thou criest, Where are my two boys? the King—
Alas! must I thee gloom? they 're in next room—
A film between us spread, an angel's wing—
He took the treasures. Now thou know'st their doom.

Thou weepest sorely. What wouldst thou have done?

I weep not, though my heart did hold them so,
Those jewels twain. Had He demanded one
How could I choose? to which could I say no?

The lovely ones! Oh! He full well will keep.

Are they not His? were mine and thus were thine.

Dearest! thy tender clasp brings tears that leap

To my dry eyes, nor question Love divine.

'Tween them and us, though mere partition thin,

Barred is the door an angel stands before—

His treasure-house. When we shall enter in,

We shall behold them, kept from stain e'ermore.

What picture fair, as she the curtains swung!

Two beauteous children lay, but cold were they—

Dear empty caskets where once jewels hung,

The mother's treasures lent her for a day.

Then folded in each other's arms their grief gave way.

Dip 3t Up.

or a ripple stirred the ocean,
Not a cloud the brazen sky,
On the ship was scarce a motion,
Men had laid them down to die
Raving for a drop of water,
With the boundless water nigh.

On the great Atlantic sailing

Thus becalmed for days they lay,

Hope had waned and strength was failing,

Not a ship had passed that way.

Still they looked with straining vision

For the sails which death would stay.

Then, O joy! a steamer speeded,

But unseen was their distress;

While their parched lips dumbly pleaded

She her onward way did press.

Would the Christ leave them to perish—

He, who once did water bless?

No. The ship gave answering token:

"Dip it up" they eager read;

Then with anguish keen, unspoken,

Hope with that brief message fled.

Yet again far signal lifted,

"Dip it up" it pleading said.

Then, as winged, the ship departed.

"They've forsaken us" cried one;

While the rest were broken-hearted

He crept, ere the day was done,

From the ship's side stooped for water,

Saw his brimming cup o'er-run.

As the grateful drops he tasted,
"'Tis not salt" he cried amazed;

Flowed the precious boon unwasted,
While to God their hearts were raised,

For amid the lonely ocean
On the Amazon they gazed.

Flows for us a healing river,

We may dip its waters clear,

Strengthened by the Christ, the Giver,

While we stoop to drink it here;

Safe it bears us through life's ocean,

And beyond to life more dear.

Song of the Waterfall.

Gudvangen, Norway. July. 1901.

COME from the lofty mountain, I leap, I run, I sing;

Far up from the glacier fountain

The sunshine bids me spring;

Calm over the brink I'm gliding,

From wastes of ice and snow

I dive, my rough pathway hiding,

Unknowing where I go.

I gleam, as I fly a-dancing,

With mist and spraying pearls;

The sun glows with colour glancing,

A bow in my giddy whirls,

While echo long repeats my song

With answering call, "I fall, I fall."

Birds dart in my spray a-flying
And sing in gladdened air;
Melodious, sweet my sighing,
My song saith, "Rest thee, Care."
The vale is with laughter smiling,
Upspring the fair, wild flowers,
The rainbow my heart beguiling;
O'er stones I rush with showers
Of ringlets and grace of curling;
Moss clings my way beside.
I flash in the sun a-whirling
With long white veil like a bride,

Rocks answering call, "I fall, I fall."

The trees are with leafage bending;

Green spears the grass all day,

Winds toss and skip as down I slip;

Glad growths of the Father's sending, Kissed by my feathered spray; 'Mid air, like a ribbon streaming,

I hang in wayside place;
Where children with joy are beaming
I splash, they spring with grace;

I flow, a small river roaming,

Earth robes in dainty green,
As a Naiad queen in the gloaming
She smiles in my fairy sheen,
Drinks in my glass, as swift I pass,

And lists my call, "I fall, I fall."

A Cittle Child shall Cead them.

In the beauteous isle Ceylon
There are hands to God outreaching,
Gentle hearts that list His teaching,
Love His Holy Book to con.

Bright Menatchie, best of children,

Learned with gladness every word,

From the idol-worship turning,

Ashes from her forehead spurning,

Jesu's love her heart so stirred.

All her soul was in the mission,
While her father waited long.
Sternly he at length demanded
Why her forehead was unbanded,
Would she thus the idol wrong?

Brave Menatchie, soft replying,

Never more would idols serve,
But the blesséd God of heaven,
Who had all her sins forgiven,
He did worship, love deserve.

Very wrathful was her father.

Prisoned long at home she stayed,
Till inquiring came the teacher,
Taking lonely way to reach her,
Loving much the little maid.

Lo! Menatchie in her garden
Sat with little friends around,
Telling sweet and wondrous story
All of One, the Prince of Glory,
In the Mission Bible found.

While the eager children listened,
Glad the teacher was to find
How the prisoned one was faring,
Thus her sacred knowledge sharing,
Seeking those so dear to bind

To her God of Love, and saying,
"Jesus Christ belongs to me,
"I belong to Him for ever."

None this loving bond could sever,
She would 'lead them' Christ to see.

The forty Martyrs.

Armenia - Reign of Licinius, A. D. 320.

was in a savage foreign land,
The battle suddenly was stayed,
For, lo! a Roman legion prayed—
A parched and fainting Christian band.

The brazen sky swift clouded o'er,

A heavy rainfall smote the ground,

They stooped with helmets all unbound,

Then to their steeds the cool draught bore.

Now would the cruel foe have slain,

But all the angry heavens blazed

Till they with fright were sore amazed,

Nor sought the victory to gain.

Thus was the "Lightning Legion" named
Whose prowess was on every tongue,
Beloved by all who served among
These noble men so justly famed.

In Roman province far away

There came the Emperor's decree,

That to his gods all bow the knee;

'Twas death the law to disobey.

Then sorrow moved brave hearts to pain,

For boldly these good men refused—

Should they, to kingly service used,

From fight for God, their King, refrain?

So they in noisome 'prisonment

Bore forty days the scourge and wrong,

The cruel fast; with prayer and song

God strengthened them in their intent.

'Twas midnight where in snow and ice
Brave forty of the legion stood,
All officers—a brotherhood
For Jesu's sake naught could entice.

Though they were doomed unclothed to freeze,

And arrowed winds pierced forms all bare,

Yet ever pleading rose the prayer:

"Lord, suffer not that one of these

"Upon this battlefield for Thee
Shall fail Thy glory to behold,
Nor less than forty then be told,

Receive the crown of victory."

"Thy Sacrifice hath made us pure,

And Moses' fast brought holy law,

Elias fasted and God saw,

So gladly we brief pain endure."

Unceasing was the prayer for grace,

But temptingly the camp-fires burned,

And one poor freezing miscreant turned—

A soldier-watchman filled his place.

What saw he in the limpid blue,

The airy phantoms of the night

That floated in a radiant light?

With shining crowns for Christians true

God's messengers were pressing nigh.

He saw sweet faces bending down,

But one of forty bore no crown.

For that blest crown might he not try?

Such faith his noble heart had stirred,

That when one less their number bore

He left his garments at the door,

And prayers of forty still were heard.

That morn were forty with their Lord,
While stark upon the snow-clad earth
Lay forty martyrs. Love and worth
Had found of Him a meet reward.

The ashes of their funeral pyre

The fierce wind scattered far and wide,

But many more for Jesu died,

Such love doth sacrifice inspire.

The Sails of Cife.

In stately course, calm, on they go,
So, o'er Time's ocean 'reft of fear
Are sails uplifted high above,
Where One, the Pilot, who is Love,
Doth take the helm and steer.

Unruffled is the shining sea,

Though dangers hidden crowd the way,
While fairer is each new found day,
For love doth make life's sails so free.

They gaily glide along the shore,
And gather grace for more and more
Ere strength shall tested be.

Though waves come tangled in the sedge

Which presses close the gliding keel,

Though storm may break for woe or weal

And bear torn sails to rocky ledge,

Love to the troubled waves saith, "Peace,"

When all the dreaded terrors cease.

His way rocks cannot hedge.

On, through mid-ocean's noon and night

His breath the sails doth waft along—

Oft vibrant they with holy song—

Nor darkness hides, for He is Light.

When breakers wild the ship would strand,

Lo! guiding to a fairer land

Love makes life's sails pure white.

A Sunset on the Nile.

As flights of birds the Nile glad homage pay,
Where stately palms, shadeufs, sakeyahs bind
High mountains, wide, with rivered edge of green,
And patient toilers work in shade or sheen;
There long-robed Arabs swift the banks have lined,
As changeful course we glide, from shallows wind.

We sail and sail. All glorious smiles the sun Now slowly sinking till the day is done;
Low down it drops with lingering "Good-night,"
And flames with gold the lofty broken cloud,
'Neath, crimson glows that cell-like shapes enshroud,
Yet burning through are beauteous gleams of light;
'Mid trees the sun flits peering small and bright.

We sail and sail. Across the river deeps
The palm's tall image in the water sleeps;
Faint colour-touches light the mountains far,
The chill of night is slowly creeping down,
While still doth linger loveliest evening's crown,
Those brilliant dyes no rifting cloud can bar.
Then beams the moon, and wakes the restful star.

We sail and sail. God's day hath gracious end, Soon far and wide will be each pleasant friend; But memory e' er will treasure precious store How 'tween the busy days of walk or ride In gentle converse would the pilgrims bide, Where mighty temples, writ with wondrous lore, The sacred Nile a world's great empire bore.

On the "Puritan," February 19, 1899.

To Spitzbergen.

A FRAGMENT.

old blows the wind o'er the Arctic sea,
O'er glaciers, ice and snow,

Where many a man doth long to be
And many bravely go.
Oh! the Arctic sea is grand to me!

Dark blue when calm is the sea so cold,

Dark green oft meets our gaze,

Where valiant ships make venture bold

And the sun shines nights and days.

Oh! the Arctic sea is grand to me!

The waves lift high their hoary head,

They rush with dance and song,

Their curling locks in the sunshine spread

The sea doth trail along.

Oh! the Arctic sea is grand to me!

A white splendour farther progress bans,

Its perils grieve the soul,

Yet ever man's wild ambition plans

In vain to reach the Pole;

Where the sun and sea shine gloriously!

On the "Augusta Victoria," July, 1901.

A Storm at Newquay, England.

HE night drops down, the heavy-lidded sky
Hath not a star, the storm-wind fierce doth cry,

With mighty moaning wakes the restless sea Whose waves rush frenzied on their landward way. Huge billows green with crests of foamy spray

Dash o'er the rocks, submerge the ice-bound lea. Stormed ships on this most dangerous coast are tost, And oft in Cornwall's little bay are lost.

Loud booms the signal-gun. A ship drives in With straining mast, that ne'er will harbour win.

Brave men are struggling in the wild sea-waves That roaring pound; the ship rides not the gale, Yet all do live to tell the thrilling tale,

For swift the life-boat strives. What joy! it saves. Poor men half-drowned, from far-off sunny land, Find care, and one their speech doth understand.

But there are those for whom no aid is near, Ne'er come to lonely homes the loved ones dear.

One night, a year agone, two ships went down; Lo! many souls the German steamer bore. A Newquay vessel raging breakers tore,

In that small bay a father, son, did drown; The widowed mother wept. What mourning then! Yet, while the sea rolls on, will venture men.

1901.

In Rome.

HERE is a pretty cat, named Menelick,
Who every day doth dress himself so slick

In his black suit—alas! it is of fur
In this warm air. Strange he doth never purr,
But in white boots, shirt-front immaculate,
He sits with dignity in chair of state,
While I survey his whiskers long and white,
And marvel ancient lore of souls a-flight.
Were one in this great creature's snowy breast?
Then Menelick close to my heart is prest.

"Away 3 Go."

was a little child that uplooking said,
As she lay on her bed of languishment
Where the angels of God for her were sent—
Did she see them waiting about her head?—
She threw up her hands, said, "Away I go,"
Like a bird whose flight none could stay below.

Her sire was a Charles of the English kings,
And her home was the royal one he knew,
'Twas the dearest one in the hearts so true;
Yet from love's embrace now she softly springs,
And with swift farewell said, "Away I go,"
For her spirit pure caught the heavenly glow.

O wearied souls, where His Spirit bides
In a royal home or a cottage poor,
Be it well when angels are at the door,
And may it be joy with the blesséd guides
Thus to haste with glad word, "Away I go,"
To live in God's smile, e'er His glory know.

On the "Servia" July 11, 1898.

The Robin's Pew.

was in a pretty English town,

One summer morn in chapel pew

The book-ledge held a nest so brown,

'Twixt Prayer and Hymn-book peeping through.

God's people came, and when 'twas known

They smiling softly turned away.

The little nest, complete, had grown,

Was beauteous on the next Lord's Day,

With nested eggs five, dainty, small,

Blue-tinted as the summer-sky;

Where waiting on the Lord were all —

They marvelled, when the week passed by,

Bright robin sat in holy place

All undisturbed by prayer or praise;

Though carols glad she trilled with grace,

Now silent were her joyous lays.

Blest Sundays came and went again;
Birds four were in that pew grown dear,
While out and in through open pane
Flew robin undismayed by fear.

Through Service sweet her young were fed

Who waited open-mouthed for food;

'Mid worshippers she wingéd sped,

There watched, and raised her little brood.

Thame Park Chapel, Oxfordshire. June. 1894.

The Legend.

CITHE robin once was silver-breast,
Saith legend old, long long ago.
When thorns the Prince of Glory pressed,
'Neath heavy cross the Lord bent low,

Sweet warble hushed, he pitying flew
One thorn from Jesu's crown to rend,
When Lo! his breast all crimson grew,
The cruel spike had pierced this friend,

And changed the silver vest he wore,
So ever it remained the same.
Because His thorn the martyr bore
Dear robin 'red-breast' he became.

The Sister Households.

Is thrice since rose-blooms crowned the garden wall,
Down drooping buds o'er an immortal flower

In wreathéd fragrance — fairest was of all

The little one; that silent, cold, white hour,

When Love with tender hand the rose-bud pressed,

Enfolding gently to His sacred breast.

I see through gates of pearl, which swift unclose,
Whose radiant beauty wakes new life a-bloom,
The Paradise where living water flows,
And ne'er is pain, or night, or sorrow's gloom;
For glorious, as undreamed, that heavenly place;
"Their angels e'er behold the Father's face."

Ah, vision fair! June's roses all have blown,
Faded the blooms of summer, quickly flown.
See, drooping leaves of autumn grow a-cold
In gorgeous robes of crimson, brown and gold,
Ere deep repose and winter's chilling blight
Seal life's sweet fountains through the dreary night.

Alas! at dawn of lovely maidenhood
Then drooped a-weary she, so fair and good
Unfolding; fairer when His angel came
And "for the Master" wrote that sweetest name.
"Sure He hath need" the angel gently said;
Then, loving much, she meekly bowed her head.

"He gathers immortelles from winter's snow,
For gave He not this beauteous world to know
His Spirit breathing through immortals?" Then
Her lustrous eyes soul-depths outshine, and when
The Christmas came her robes all snowy clean
Breathed incense sweet of calm content through mien

Of suffering; then gentle words of cheer With tender farewells, "I shall be quite near" She said, "about you all, though not abide, For I shall take her hand, walk by her side, Until you come, there songs of praise adore With all the blessed gone a while before. "'Twill not be long, O dearest mother! pray
I go, nor linger more in pain." What may
A mother's love not do for suffering child?
She prayed as one of old and faithful smiled.
When dawned that holy morn, so like the spring,
Bore angel band the gentle soul a-wing.

This first sweet Sunday of the glad new year With noon-day chimes released the spirit dear Swift o'er the golden stairs; at Home so soon! Where little feet rose-covered were in June Awaiting. Oh! love's longing, grievéd eyes Would'st such fair souls bring from the Paradise?

Pale, wreathed emblems! Love, Hope, Faith engiven Bide ye the gloom, pure lessons breathe of Heaven. Two Sabbath-morns, with sorrowed foot-prints worn, Then o'er the past of months gone by I turn For ah! the shadowed page of those who mourn Hath still that holy will again to learn.

"Father, 'tis Thine, mine own hath holden still,
Take what Thou gavest, if it be Thy will."
There were but three — June buds, one covered down;
Wouldst Thou the elder of this little one
Who makes so bright the way? Hold not the crown!
My darling holdeth me. Thy will be done.

O loving hearts that clasped the Cross divine!

Its tender radiance o'er the soul doth shine.

He holdeth them — this pitying Father's hand —

Sweet blooms afold this one, and there are three Ere other holy morn, in that blest land

Where wait and serve through glad eternity These lives, unfolding 'neath His gracious smile Love's hidden treasures but the little while.

1874.

The father's Voice.

FATHER'S voice, how sweet to listening ears, When love is in its manly tones exprest,

Whose gentle cadence soothes the ruffled breast, As through swift space the child belovéd hears!

In far Japan, his people to amuse,

A little acrobat doth wondrous feats.

Discordant din each graceful motion greets,

For near sit those the skilled one to confuse.

Think you, while springing oft in airy flight

Fear will his power of steadfastness unnerve,

His agile feet with swift disaster swerve?

Lo! in you corner's distant shadowed light

His father sits, and with melodious tone
Unheard amid the throng he softly sings,
While to the lad attent, e'er as he springs
That thread of music saith, Thou'rt not alone.

And deaf to all the baleful, threatened ill

He hears but one, the tender, loving voice,

Which with the danger o'er will swift rejoice,

When loud acclaim his faithful heart doth thrill.

So "Peace!" to hearkening love our Father saith,

"Fear not!" the child of God who faithful proves

Hath knowledge sweet that He e'er caring loves —

Not lone the way e'en through the vale of death.

1887.

The Blessing of the Tree.

A LEGEND.

was in Sahara's sandy waste, a lone
And weary pilgrim prayed, his way unknown.

O'ercome with heat, athirst and famished, faint
And worn, unable longer thus to go,

He prayed, "O God, forgive, no more I try to live."

Then sinking down, his listening ear caught low
The swish of water clear and rustling plaint

Of leaves; hope sprang anew; he slowly crept

The long, long way, sweet murmur's guidance kept.

At length, O joy! by running stream content
Where tree magnificent with fruitage bent,
How glad, he thirsting drank of water rare,
Of luscious fruit ate long till satisfied,
While unto God he raised his voice and grateful praised,
Who thus for him could bounteously provide.
Then 'neath protecting tree from midday glare
Of July sun he rested long; renewed,
He rose to go with strengthened zeal imbued.

Desiring much to bless the sheltering boughs He said, "Ye do my gratitude arouse,"

And turning to the tree he spake, "O tree,

Thou hast all things, yet thee I'd bless before
I journey on, nor know what blessing to bestow.

Thy branches with their grateful fruit bend o'er,

The water evermore refresheth thee;
Thy shade to those aweary giveth rest;
Lo! now thou art in everything most blest.

"What more can I thee wish but that thy seed May oft produce as useful trees - man's need—
And thus thy children's little ones I bless.

For all the future years may pilgrims find Delicious fruit and shade, trees beauteously arrayed By water sweet, such welcome glad combined,

And grateful rest in this lone wilderness."
So may earth's happy ones wide-spreading bend
With gladdening fruits, their shade the weary lend.

Berlin. 1902.

A Story Old.

When one, the liveliest of all,

A fable read about wise birds

That did her youthful days recall.

Twas in the English Reader Old.

The homely lesson we unfold.

A lark had builded in the grass

Whose length her little nestlings hid.

While she abroad her time did pass,

In quest of food, she them would bid

To tell her at the even-tide

If aught of danger they'd descried.

She found them in a fright one eve;

That morn the farmer passing by
Said to his son, "We must not leave

This grass so tall; here, living nigh,
Are friends and neighbours we'll invite,
To-morrow they will lay its height."

The birdlings thought to fly away;
But wisely said the elder one,
"Not yet, see what you hear to-day."
That morn the farmer said "My son,
Our friends and neighbours did not come,
But of relations we have some;

"They will no doubt be very glad
To do for us; to-morrow then
I'll bid them here. "The birds were sad
And told with flutterings again
The mother what that morn they'd heard;
"Fear not," said the sagacious bird,

"But pray next time remember well."

And when again the two passed near,
The listeners heard the words to tell,

Half doubting if they yet should fear,
"My son no friend or relative
We did invite would service give;

"To-morrow you and I will mow
This grass that such a length has grown."
That night the mother-bird said "Go,
For when they work in strength their own
We know it will accomplished be."
And now may all the lesson see!

The Bees.

A True Incident.

NE day—of number, street, no matter where—A honeyed gift we, opening, placed with care An open window near, its charming store Untasted then, and with the closéd door Forgot the generous gift till morn was o'er;

When, woeful sight! what do mine eyes behold? The precious treasure black, that once was gold, Black with a swarm of many busy wings Humming delight! the wicked little things! We fearing entered not for vicious stings.

Alas for patient industry that filled

These beauteous cells! The hungry crew ne'er stilled

Their song, nor could we drive them out with smoke,

So furious their stinging wrath awoke.

We fain would yield the honey: serious joke!

When on the grassy lawn our treasure lay,
Left to the fighting bees, a helpless prey.
And now the shining hours how they improve,
With active zeal how busily they rove,
Nor generous store sufficed of sweets their love.

The sinking sun shone o'er the empty comb

From ruined cells the bees began to roam.

Of full ten pounds! so wondrous seem the facts,

We scarce have need our memories to tax,

So soon our beauteous honey changed to wax.

You'll say the bees, with their sweet easy gain Would, satisfied, awhile content remain;
But, no, emboldened by their recent spoils
They think we can no more resist their toils,
When justice kindly stoops and mischief foils

With retribution just. For tearfully
Our story, ending, telleth fearfully
How wish for gain was visited in kind.
They honey sought, but melting wax they find,
And life is lost in greediness of mind.

Now learn a lesson, ye, who wealth have gained,
Nor e'er with avarice let your souls be stained,
Lest ye do fail to drink of living wells,
Where lovingly His gentle Spirit dwells,
And Faith looks up from pure hearts' honeyed cells.

1865.

A Legend of Solomon's Temple.

N fair Judea's land, long, long ago
There dwelt, quite near, two brothers dear.
One rich in children, goods, one poor and lone.
Together they, as one, a field did own,
And thus it chanced. They loved each other so,

One night the lone one thought, I little need,

He hath such store, he needeth more;

This will I do, I'll gather of my wheat,

And mixed with his, he will not know. How sweet!

So forth he went, best gleaned with careful speed.

His brother thought that night, here have I all,

And he hath none; now will I run

To mix my wheat with his; unknowing, there

He'll find, and unrevealed my love will share.

Then forth he went where grew best wheat, most tall;

And lo! with generous arms high-piled, that night
Amidst the field, their love revealed,
They met, with laden, loving arms full fraught
With good, for on that sacred spot was wrought
At God's command a Temple beauteous in His sight,
Where all His chosen people worshipped with delight.

Berlin. 1901.

Words.

Of a fitting word expressed,

It is like to apples golden,

That in silver pictures rest.

Swift and sharp, or brave and tender,
Words, Oh! words, can never die,
Echoes good or ill they render
Changeless through the listening sky.

Could we think before the saying

That the blessed King was near,
How would we, His Word obeying,

Measure to that gracious ear.

Lo! what words swift-winged are flying

Through the chambers of the air—

Words of liquid music vieing

With the accents of despair;

Words that chill some high endeavour,

Keen and cold as ice-winds blown,

On may drive a soul for ever—

Words, which naught can e'er atone.

Will they rise, an arméd number,

To confront in dread array

Souls, that shall awake from slumber

On that awful Judgment Day?

Bitter words of hate, of sorrow —
Pierced are hearts so just and true,
Shadows veil e'en hope's glad morrow.
Words should let the Christ shine through,

Breathing peace, the right defending,
Wise with patience, graced to win,
Life's dull woof with bright threads blending;
Guileless words love bideth in.

Filling all the world with gladness,
Making perfect here below,
Lifting earth from sin and sadness,
Jesus' words of silver flow.

While the angel, listening, weary,
Scribe of God from age to age,
O'er the words that life make dreary
Spreads with wings of peace the page.

Like the dew on drooping flowers,

After drought the gentle rain,

Song of birds in summer showers,

So, sweet words will soften pain.

Wondrous words are writ and spoken
Rich with wisdom from above,
But the dearest one, ne'er broken,
Word of God, is JESU'S LOVE.

To Agnes on her Bridal Eve.

WEET friend, so dear, of brighter, happier hours,
How soon amid thy locks of sunny hair
Will bloom the fairest of earth's snowy flowers,
Placed with affection's gentle, loving care.

Pure emblems they of innocence and truth,

O'er lovely spirit breathing perfume light,

Hope's tender blossoms, fresh with dew of youth,

With star of love thy peaceful way make bright!

And thou, too, in thy beauteous spring's glad time,
Oh! choose the better life, the truth, the way,
That, when life's mystic bells have ceased to chime,
Immortal flower, thou'lt wake to perfect day.

Would I were with thee, this thy bridal eve,

To bless thy choice (most noble may he prove!)

To bring a gift and simple floweret weave

In graceful garland twined for thee and love!

I may not come, but send love's pledge to thee,

Entwined two loving hearts with that of Emily.

'Tis a Beautiful Cegend Hoary of Santa Maria Maggiore Perpetua in Bianchi fiori.

ong ago, when oft pious monks were filled
With a holy zeal glorious Church to build,
Dreamed a priest at night, in the moon's pale light,
How the blesséd Virgin came, shewing where might in God's name
Holy Church be reared — Where the snow was found,
Newly fallen snow, there to break the ground.

So the monks arose, and that morn was seen
Freshly fallen snow on Mount Esquiline.
Thus her name it bore, famed her Churches o'er;
Comes the Feast of praise fifth of August days.

In Borghesè Chapel is sweet music heard,
Speak the Cardinal and the Priests the word;
As the angels sing, how God's praises ring!

When the solemn Mass begins and the prayers sung for our sins,
From the lofty dome flakes of whiteness fall
Floating thickly down, or oft scarce at all;
As the hard brown earth by the snow's made fair,
So its dainty touch hides mosaic rare.

Drops the wintry mist summer's sun hath kissed,
And the fair heaps rise 'mid the Sacrifice.

All the morn drops snow, white each tiny flower,
All the vespers through, from the high dome-tower,
Ever light and soft, sailing from aloft,
Long the distance dropping down, oft a Priest to gently crown
With a little flake he throws quickly thence.
Rare with beauty, art, song and frankincense
Is this snow-flower Feast, where are souls filled well.
In this grand old Church snow no longer fell;
Path a choir-boy brushed, while the music hushed;
'Tween the flowery heaps the procession sweeps,
Glad the people glean with haste lest the snow-flowers quickly waste.

Rome. 1899-1900-1902-03.

St. Andrew's by the Sea.

sir within the chapel small,
The sunset doth its crimson glory fling
While prays the Bishop for us all,
And with the choir the waves their anthems sing.
I see them through trees branching tall,
Where little birds give praise with folding wing.

All strange the faces grave and sweet;

I list the organ-tones, the Prayer-Book taught,
And view the furniture so meet,

The walls whose stones are rude with tracing fraught—
All gifts; then was God's house complete

Whose Gothic walls the restless sea had brought.

Glad offerings for prayer and Word,
With low-voiced bell to call the people in,
Where men of God with love are stirred
While resting summer wanderers to win.
There down the slope the surf is heard,
Whose briered way is thorned, as life's with sin.

Sweet Evensong! The lovely way

Is by the sea, there vines o'erhang, fair wild

Flowers bloom, and sweet brier-roses stray.

The Service o'er my feet are on beguiled;

Where tangled deeps of beauty sway

'Neath grand old trees the holy hour is whiled

In restful peace. Then by the sea

l sit amidst the massive rocks and dream
Near great old house, with bush and tree,
Where strangers bide; but time swift-winged doth seem,
For evening shadows beckon me
To trace my steps where sands and waters gleam.

Few bathers sought the beach at Rye
When Sunday came. How I remember one
Too loved of our fond hearts to die!
She sat with us when that blest day was done—
Our last there 'neath the moon-lit sky.
None dreamed her life's sands were so nearly run.

We'd met in our loved place. Afar

Stretched wide the sea's expanse all silvered o'er,
Above, infinity. Her star

Kept watch, but sight pierced not that azure door,
Nor could we know it was ajar.

Love framed that evening beauteous evermore.

I hear afar that sweet-toned bell;

And summer travellers love to worship where
The floods lift up their voice and swell

Their notes of praise, or murmur low for prayer.

Blest those, wherever they may dwell;

Who reared St. Andrew's in the loved sea-air.

Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

HYMN.

Trustfulness.

Thou leadest us, as blind we go,
What troubles, griefs our souls must know,
How would we shrink in blank dismay!
Thou coverest us, Thy feathers hide,
Beneath Thy wings we trusting bide.

O God, so full of love art Thou,

We rest upon Thy mercies sure,

And know Thy kingdom will endure.

Though life's design be hidden now,

What blesséd pattern Thou didst set

Of love that never can forget.

Teach me to sing Thy praise aright.

My thankful heart to Thee doth lift
For gracious blessings—all Thy gift;
Thou hast illumed my darkest night.

When bending 'neath Thy holy will,
Through cloud is felt Thy sunshine still.

E'er shine! so I with cheering heart

May reach with love sad human kind;

As grace Thou givest me to find

The gift may I to all impart,

And though the talent be but one,

Blest be, for love of Thy dear Son.

, and I have been a second

Rome.

To a friend.

THE RESERVE OF THE PARTY OF THE

a like of my may my fort and a

On the Loss of her Little Girl.

ourn not, sweet friend, thy beauteous one is flown,
The tiny bud in opening fragrance taken,
Ere aught of stain its pure, white leaves had known,
Or thought of ill its sinless soul had shaken.

'Twas lent to thee, and for a little while

Thy heart trilled with its joyous, loving play,

Now all unstrung, yet see! its peaceful smile

Of angels breathes who bore thy loved away.

Fair bud of promise, lovely household joy!

'Twere sweet to watch its happy life unfold,

The gracious years flow on in glad employ—

But 'tis so brief life's span at best we hold.

The Lord hath sent for thy dear only one,

Lest all too fond thy mother heart should twine
'Round its sweet life. Pray His blest will be done

Whose heart of love in pity weeps with thine.

In yon blue sky, when all the stars at even
Shine o'er the earth, I see one risen fair
In its pure radiance lighting thee to Heaven—
A little while, and He will need thee there.

Waiting.

STAND and wait at the beautiful gate,
But it opens not for me,

While over its bars, 'mid the tender stars, One bides my sweet companie.

In this weary land may I touch His Hand
And feel His star's guiding ray;
Though I wait so long, through the pain grown strong,
I shall reach the shining way.

Then may I behold by the gleam of gold
Why the cloud o'ershadows here,
And the Lord denies to my painéd eyes
Glad use in His service dear.

While to hold me still, if it be His will,
With a loving heart and true,
Is a service meet, to the Lord as sweet
As the love that hastes to do.

So I sing to my heart and the song impart—
'Tis a sunbeam through ways dim;
Some time I shall know, when the tide ebbs low,
Somewhere will my love find Him.

1884.

A Prayer.

HEN, Saviour dear, in oft distress,
O let me feel Thy tender care,
Thy holy arm in strengthfulness
Upholding, saving from despair.

I know not why - Thou leadest me
Through suffering depths and thorny ways,
When willing feet would follow Thee
Untiring, glad the useful days.

My darkened years glide slow with pain;
I patient wait in hope and love,
Wilt Thou restore mine eyes again,
My health, that I Thy grace may prove?

But if it be Thy holy will,

My cross, that I stand e'er and wait,
Oh! hold me close to Zion's hill,

Then meet me at the heavenly gate.

April 13. 1876.

Resignation.

T was a gladsome day when of mine eyes
Said one, whose healing art doth touch pain's hidden strings,

"Hope waits on thee," and my glad heart replies;
As lifted from desponding depths with unseen wings

To lofty height it soars, with grateful thanks it sings.

Light in the Cloud.

But faith, out-looking unto Him,
Beholds the shine of love afar,
A tender Presence bending down,
A weight of glory, and a crown
Earth's shadows ne'er can mar.

But oh! I am aweary. Years

Of waiting, unregarded tears

Of patient suffering, uncomplained,

Will touch my painéd eyes, but weep

I must not, flown hath restful sleep

Nor more of sight regained.

Like Bartimeus blind I cry,

But now the Lord doth not pass by;

The gracious Lord, with healing touch

Could He but on mine eyelids press,

'Twould banish pain and weariness,

Then I could serve Him much.

I may not murmur, should but one Eye darken, that its work be done,

For there are tender souls as mine
To whom the day is like the night—
Bright patient ones who ne'er a sight
Of beauteous things divine

Have known; with gifted fingers o'er The raiséd lines they wondrous store

Of knowledge gain, with slow reward
Of mastery, then teaching find
A way to benefit their kind;

With sweet melodious chord

From out the depths each heart doth raise, And gladly give the Master praise.

Thus my faint soul doth courage take,
Trained in this school of suffering,
For though a cherished hope take wing
A cross doth glory make.

The peltering rain hath ceased to play, The howling wind had chased its spray,

Too late those melodies to hear
Of blind musicians sweetly wrought,
Thus to my heart, this solemn thought
Came — 'reft of pleasant cheer.

Carney Hospital, Boston, 1880.

May 3 not be Blind.

That late erewhile a gorgeous picture made,

And Fancy from these wind-tossed waifs enweaves

The passing thoughts which come with pain allayed.

How beautiful from my high tower the view
Of pleasant towns, the city's fair surround!
Oh! could I see the ocean's line of blue,
The pictured bay where goodly ships abound,

Yea, all the sails that come from o'er the sea,

That through the harbour make their silent way
Passing my shaded room, where longingly
I sit and wait, what joy my heart would stay!

I hear the city's noise of stir and strife,

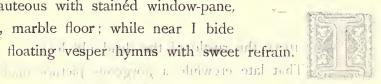
The busy vendors crying in the street,

The playing children, bright with eager life,

Though crutches sad I list 'mid laughter sweet.

Oft melody of organ-tones I hear, Where streets resound with troops of merry boys; Then memory attunes the heart with dear Familiar airs and glad the fun enjoys.

I know the Chapel at the eventide Is beauteous with stained window-pane, Rich Altar, marble floor; while near I bide Come floating vesper hymns with sweet refrain.



When forth I go as seeing not, where one Doth take my hand and lead the way, so kind, I feel the salt air 'gainst my cheek, the sun, And pray, "Dear Lord may I be never blind." Of pleasant towns, the city's fair aircom-

For all that's beautiful of sun and shine,

Yea, all the fairest on this wondrous earth.

I feel the rapture that such love divine Made gift of sight not rare, but rarest worth. That terms a the hursour make at a silver may

Written in the Blind Ward, Carney Hospital, Boston, November, 1879. Sent with "The Three Birdlings, "Calso written there, and "The Thread of Gold" to Mr. Longfellow who liked this one the best, sending it to the "Youth's Companion."

I hear the cur's may it and men.

from Day to Day.

With sorrow, or with joy o'erflow;

I can but leave it all to Him —

The Brother kind my soul doth know

Whose love so close enfoldeth me

That only His blest will I see,

If the state of th

Nor feel the thorns that pierce my way,
So sweetly I am comforted,
While walking thus from day to day,
Remembering the words He said,
His pain, His sorrows meekly borne.
Why murmur if my soul be torn?

O Heart of Love! O measure sweet
Of perfectness, the breath of peace!
Could we but press Thy sacred feet
Our souls from sin would find release,
Nor fear the way we walk as blind,
But light in Thy dear Presence find.

Bereavement.

HEART of sorrow! in thy lonely anguish
See how His soul doth bend in love to thee;
The holy Jesus, who for us did languish,
Once sore despised, bereft and pained was He
For thee, for me.

Lo! 'tis in love His gentle Hand is smiting,

Through this dark veil unlifted thou canst see
The piercéd Hands extended, thee inviting:

"Come rest ye weary, grieving, rest in Me,

In Me, in Me."

Then lift thy soul so torn, for voices yearning;

How brave the lonely patient years must be!

But love, through mist of tears His face discerning,

Will bow adoring, thy sad spirit free—

Love maketh free.

God's peace in benediction softly falling

With tender pity, grace, upholds thee now—

His love that evermore to thee is calling;

Behold! what joy in hope, the Christ hast thou;

Love, peace hast thou.

Thy loved awake in gardens of the blesséd

With happy dear ones—some awaited long;

Where light and loveliness are e'er expresséd,

They see His face and praise Him in "new song,"

Love doth prolong.

(int appear in the delant solly lating - माद और अभूषिय क्राज्य हुएद चाकि । जार्य most that land will joint in the model والمناع المناف المنافي والاداء

inty see Historian management and all use your

he sold mile in solding a resource to condition! HE way is dark, I cannot see my Father's face. But take His Hand, for dear ones pray in silent land.

All, all are gone; unloosed each loving band, And lone I wander on a foreign strand.

I cannot see my way, but look towards Heavenly place And know they're folded close, what grace! in Love's embrace.

So in their joy I gather slow content, For thitherward my trusting steps are bent.

1898

there is no love blo Thine ontohine me.

Low see in a ground, broug bout bath bled.

Not brough be seen to be wife to the .

"As One whom his Mother Comforteth."

(Isaiah LXVI. 13.)

JESU, all my loved to Thee have flown;
How can I bide dear empty home once blest?
I murmur not, but walk with Thee alone
In countries far, with sorrow's sad unrest,

'Midst passing scenes in ways before unknown.

The way is dark but Thou dost light the way:

I know my steps are measured by Thy Hand.

Help me with patient faith on Thee to stay—

Not lone I wander in a foreign land—

O Holy One, Thy restful peace I pray.

And, blesséd Light, my pathway e'er illume.

(My soul doth languish are Thy rays withdrawn.)

Thou coverest with hope the open tomb,

For my beloved shall waken at the dawn, Sweet flowering souls in Paradise will bloom. There is no love like Thine enfolding me,

For me Thy gracious, loving heart hath bled,

And bravely I submit my will to Thee,

Through unshed tears lift up my wounded head,

Some time Thy way of mercy I shall see.

Helwaun, Egypt. 1899.

Beyond the Cloud it is Cight.

y Saviour sweet, with patience long abiding, Thy wisdom leadeth me the lonely way;

I know Thou art in every sorrow guiding;

Through glooming clouds will break the perfect day, When we shall see, not through the darkness gleaming, With light of love and gladness Thou art beaming,

Where holy voices e'er to Thee are telling

With praiseful song Thy glory, love and might;

I hear afar their lovely accents swelling

In that fair Land where never more is night.

A pilgrim lowly to thy will resigning,

Oh! make me purer in Thy fire refining.

Dear ones awake new song in heavenly places,

Where smoothed of care each gentle face will shine;

Thy smile doth light, and waft of tears all traces;

But wondrous joy to see Thy Face divine!

While we hope on, the Truth and Light pursuing,

Love holding us, Thy tender grace renewing,

And list afar to hear their happy singing—
Sweet strains that comfort, praising Thee the King.
When soul of mine to Paradise is winging,

Grant me, dear Saviour, still to hear them sing. Then all unworth, in Thy most holy keeping
My soul shall wake, my dust awhile be sleeping.

HYMN.

Submission.

v Father, not my will!
Thou who dost send in love,
Speak! Is't my heart to prove,
Wounded and ill?
Take with Thy gracious Hand,
Bend me as Thou hast planned,
Love holdeth still.

Thy praise did thought beguile
Ere wintry grief was sent;
Then was my spirit rent
Long weary while.
Clouds press me now to pain;
Tune Thou my song again,
Cheer with Thy smile.

Sorrow doth mark my way;
Laid at Thy sacred feet
Each rendered service sweet
Too dear to stay.
Still I would sheltered be,
Thine arm upholding me
Life's changeful day.

892.

"In Thee, O Cord, 3 put My Trust."

love Thee, Lord, while o'er Thy holy way
Thy gentle Spirit calmeth all my fears;
Though oft my wayward steps may go astray,
One grievéd look will draw the contrite tears.

When sinks the heart o'erburdened, sad and cold,
Longing for words of earthly tenderness,
Thy love with sunny gleams doth it enfold
And satisfy the fainting soul's distress.

Dream we an earthly Paradise can bring

Our higher longings such a sweet repose,

As when, beneath Thy tender sheltering wing,

Our spirits breathe the peace Thy love bestows?

O Gracious Father, who art ever kind
And knoweth best, though we oft murmuring plan
Some pleasant change to greater gladness find,
'Tis from the cross flows blessedness to man.

The cross we shrink from, which He meekly bore
For us, aye e'en for us its pain and shame;
Of old, 'tis said, with flowers 'twill blossom o'er
If close the thorns we press in His dear name.

Blest Lord! in Thee my trusting soul I rest;

Thy strength to do, to suffer much, pray give;

Crowning the meek endeavour, loving quest,

To lead e'en one Thy holy way to live.

The Little Cross.

Russian peasant, wretched, ill and lone,
Besought of God—he had so weary grown—

To take the life no more he could endure. Then lo! the death he sought an angel brought.

His fainting heart did gently reassure, And him with haste to Hades onward bore. When they a place of tombs were passing o'er.

The angel pausing in his rapid flight,

The peasant saw a marvellous, thrilling sight,

For naught but crosses met his eager gaze, Of every size and hue—a saddening view.

His eyes the angel's sought in sore amaze. When he was bidden one of these to choose; He could not tell, he dared not him refuse.

While in his survey wavering 'tween all, He gladly saw that one was very small;

"This will I take" he to the angel said:
And, when the cross was found, did shame abound
For 'twas his own; so by the angel sped

He came to earth and gladly woke again
To bear with love and sweetness every pain.

from my Balcony on Monte Pincio.

Through lovely mist that morn and eve doth hide
Fair Monte Mario where the soldiers bide;
'Tis far to climb the pretty winding way.
Borghesè Villa, nearer to the right,
Spreads its long distance, wide with hill and dale,
Lake, temple, garden, trees of massive height
Where nights melodious wakes the nightingale.

Here play the children on the daisied green,

And by the lake the gay-plumed peacock stalks.

By ruins, fountains plash mid pleasant walks;

In ancient palace gems of art are seen.

All love these forest ways to walk and rest,

To watch through trees the sunset as we pass,

Or find the rosied cyclamen close prest Amid sweet violets hid in slender grass. Old Roman wall with portal grand is near,

Across the way Borghesè's port and walls.

On Villa Medici straight vision falls,

Where on high knoll tall trees stand skyward clear;

Down ruined steps, through tangled woods' extent,

Then on the terrace one looks down and dreams

O'er garden fair, old sculptures' ornament,

And far are shaded walks through which light gleams,

Then Pincio's gardens full of palms and flowers,

Where music oft; all Rome loves here to come

And drive the circle round with laugh and hum

Of converse, or to see at evening hours

The sun magnificent with glowing gold

And rosy tints irradiate the blue,

Illuming villas, towers; 'neath, we behold

The ancient city, far Saint Peter's view.

Then multitudes and children home-ward go

Down winding terraced way by shrub and tree,
Or on straight where French Sculpture Gallerie
Fronts Villa Medici, trees quaint-shaped grow.
Oft in my room I hear the music sweet
And list the nightingale that sings and sings;
The sunset splendour doth each day repeat,
The moon my balcony soft radiance brings.

Hymn of Praise.

Suggested by Psalm CXLVII.

op of the Harvest, Thee we joyful praise,
With thankful gladness sing love's grateful lays,
For rain and dew, for summer heat and cold,
That quicken earth to blossom as the rose;
For plenteous yield, all good, Thy Hand bestows,
Which nourishing doth us with love infold.
Eternal God, our refuge Thou, what harms
When underneath are everlasting Arms?

We praise Thy glorious name, Thy love, Thy might That hangeth up the moon and stars for night

And glowing sun to light the wondrous day.

Thou coverest with clouds the heaven for rain,

With grass the mountain-height, with flowers the plain;

Thy lovingkindness doth pervade alway;
Thou ice-like morsels casteth forth, and snow
Thou giv'st like wool; they melt—Thy South winds blow.

All honour, glory, praise to Thee e'ermore For gracious blessings Thou dost bounteous pour.

Thou givest food, Thou makest ever peace, And fillest all the land with flour of wheat— Earth's beauty, wisdom infinite, complete.

Thou healest broken hearts, nor mercies cease; Praise in Thy Courts meek souls Thy love hath won, God of the Harvest, Father, Spirit, Son.

Amen.

Berlin, 1901.

Thankful Hartshorn's Thanksgiving.

NOBLE woman full of grace,
With gentle dignity of mien—
The peace of God shone in her face,
His love in all her ways was seen.

A cottage by the sea so lone,

Whence she had seen him sail away,

Whose promise left sweet memory grown

Of love, with hope's abiding ray.

The Service in the Church was o'er—
A "Harvest Home" with offering
Of gifts from Nature's bounteous store;
And praiseful did the anthems ring.

A little cloud grew in the sky

That darkened as at eventide;

An angry sea whose waves ran high,

A gallant ship the storm defied.

With wave-washed deck and sails all torn

She seemed an outlaw of the sea,

Resisting, yet to rocks fast borne;

Lashed to his post commanded he,

Whose ship had felt the polar cold,

The burning heat of tropic sun;

Now he returning brought with gold

Love dear to her his youth had won.

Sweet Thankful saw the toiling ship,

She braved the tempest to the sand,

Her garments from the spray adrip,

'Neath sheltering rock where one might stand,

She watched with trembling heart the end.

Towered great rocks on either side

A little channel's graceful bend,

Where vessels could in safety ride.

The great ship shivered in the gale

And wildly 'gainst the rocks was thrown
(Strong men with dread affright grew pale,)

But trembling, rising with a moan,

A wounded side, yet firmly staid

By timbers strong for ice-bound coast;

The sailors knew each rock that laid

In wait—and he, whose skill their boast.

Thus her great heart tossed by the storm

Was wounded, torn, till anchor found;

While brave men sought the senseless form

Of him whose courage was so crowned,

A woman's loving arms embraced,

And life returned, with love held true

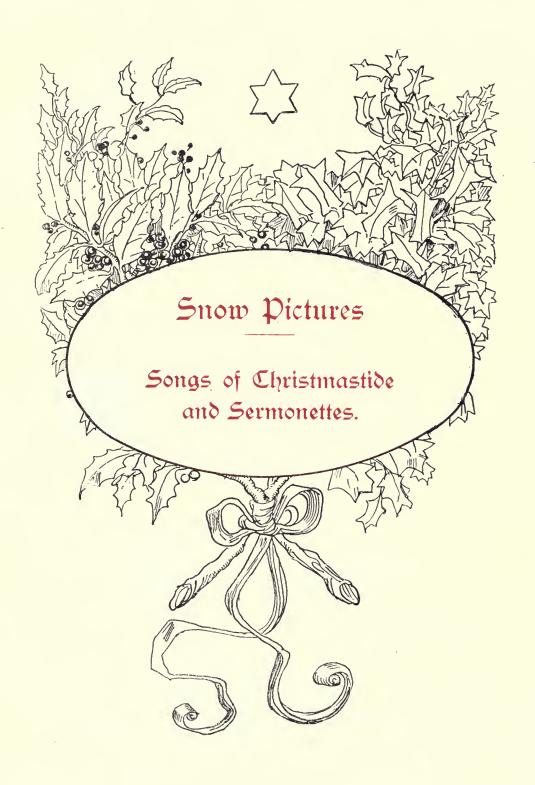
Through years whose trial hope had graced

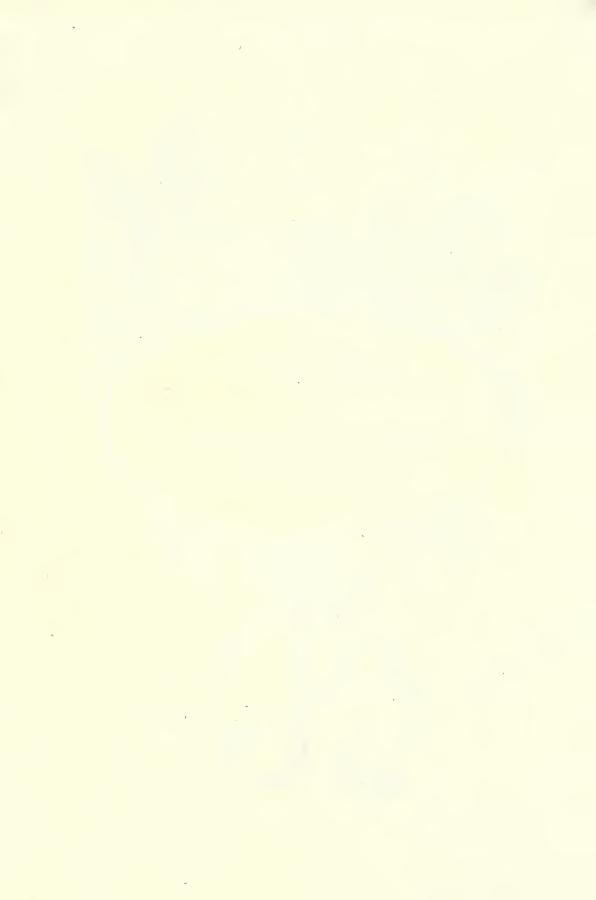
And faith whose pledge was made anew.

Glad hearts were gathered, stories said
Of wondrous 'scapes while on the deep,
When Thankful Hartshorn bride was led
Thanksgiving joyfully to keep.









A Snow Picture.

UT of the calm white skies

Little frost-stars are drifting down,

Over the crinkled earth so brown

Weaving a dainty guise;

Over the tall trees bare

Touching with grace each spreading arm;

Fairy-like bowers with ghostly charm

Silently spring in air.

Over the Church and spire

Purity's mantle softly thrown,

Draping the homes of wood and stone,

Clinging to fence and wire.

Childhood with laughter sweet,

Speeding to throw its snowy balls,
Into the white mist slipping falls,
Pelted with missiles fleet.

Tinkle the merry bells,

Over the frosted way they go,
Cupid is hiding 'mid the snow,
Love its sweet burthen tells.

"And on Earth Peace."

EACE, Love and Light! this holy night

My heart with joy doth sing.

Lo! to His land, with gracious Hand,

Hath come my Lord, the King.

I list the angels singing, glad tidings they are bringing,

Far o'er the sea comes sweet to me

The peace God's angels bring.

Though veiled His grace, in lowly place,

For this sad world of sin

The Child so pure made Heaven sure,

Because He entered in.

Oh! list the angels singing, glad tidings they are bringing,

Comes o'er the sea—may't ever be—

The peace the angels sing.

So close to earth His holy Birth—
This wondrous Prince of Peace
Would love restore, as long before,
And thus should evil cease.

Oh! list the angels singing, glad tidings they are bringing,
O'er life's broad sea will come to thee

The peace His angels sing.

The dear Christ-Child, so undefiled,
Still comes with peace to men,
And lifts the care each soul doth wear,
That youth may bloom again.
Then list the angels singing, glad tidings they are bringing;
Him shalt thou see, in blest degree,
When Peace thy soul shall wing.

A Christmas Evergreen.

Was the merry Christmas Eve, and gay
Were the streets of that great city's heart
With hastening ones and the rich display
Of beauteous gifts that friends impart.

There were faces kind and faces bright

Of the young and old, the rich and poor;

There were those who walked in God's pure light,

Where starving men found generous door.

While looking down through the ether blue

Were the angels who had sung His birth,

To see, were the loving children true

Like the Holy Child who walked the earth?

They saw in a widow's cheerless room,

Her two little sunbeams fever-burned,

A mother's joy through the cloud of gloom;

There one, in the art of healing learned,

Had found them all brightness, though forlorn,
For her loving hands had placed between,
In memory of the Christ-child born,
A fresh little waif of evergreen.

Two mottoes hung from the slender tree,
And tapers two gave a feeble flare,
While the sick were pillowed restfully—
A picture sweet in the room so bare.

This story he told when lights burned low
Where three little stockings brimming held
Such pretty toys; with the morning's glow
His generous children, love impelled,

Sent gifts that the two might waking find,

Bright faced, that morn in their lowly nook;

And the giving made their hearts more kind,

Which the angels wrote in holy book.

Ring merrily out, ye Christmas chimes,
For story with gracious years so old!
Sing His gentle words these festal times
Whose love, in Charity sweet, is told.

To Auntie 17.

The past is o'er, the future gleams
With sunshine, while the fairies weave
Mayhap a brighter fate for thee.
Sad heart doth list love's cheering tone,
And on the breeze comes melody
Of distant chimes; thou'rt not alone,
But dear to all. I love and pray
The angels watch till dewy even,
And comfort thee, thy future way,
Then waft thee to the glorious Heaven.

My song is sung; this cushion fair I 've wrought for thee with loving care, And woven with the colours fine The brightest hopes love could entwine. 'Tis for thy bureau, or to rest That holy Book whose leaves, if prest Too far apart, might broken be. Then read and pray for Emily.

A Story of the first Christmas.

While shepherds keeping watch behold,

From holy height the seraph bright

Comes floating down God's peace to bring.

Amazed they hear with wondering fear

Good tidings that the angels sing,

Who glorify with grand accord

"A Savjour, which is Christ the Lord."

Now doth the heavenly chorus cease,
O'er earth expectant dawns His peace.
The holy Child, with Mary mild,
Glad shepherds find in Bethlehem.
What humble rest for Babe so blest!
Oh! thither let us follow them,
And Him th' incarnate One adore
With gift of love's most precious store.

Blest who God's tidings good declare!

What joy Messiah's work to share!

He to His poor made promise sure;

Who prayeth at His sacred feet

And doth believe shall life receive;

To serve this Master, Oh! how sweet!

Time is swift-winged in such employ,

To sing His love our highest joy.

Long ages past that midnight morn
When seraph came and Christ was born;
Now all the earth proclaims His birth
Adoring at His holy shrine,
While echoes long the angels' song
How God for us is Man Divine;
And thus we praise Him, Three in One,
The Holy Father, Spirit, Son.

Angels in the Snow.

Watch intent the flakes that softly fall,
From the greyness of the heavens gliding,
Covering fields, so bare, with ghostly pall,
White over all.

How serenely is the elder gazing

With a gladness full of fancies sweet,

While the smaller hands would fain, upraising,

Wrest the starlike forms her eye doth meet,

Hasting to greet.

Gently spake the other, swiftly 'fending,

"Love! don't touch them, for the angels smile
In the snow. These tiny fairies, tending

Earth with dewy drops that rest awhile,

Rich yield beguile."

Rome, 1901.

The Night of Nights. Christmas Eve.

AIR night, with myriad gleaming stars o'erhung,

As beautiful thou waitest Him, thy Lord,

"Peace" song angelic breathes, whose holy chord Doth tremble still thy tender depths among.

"Peace, goodwill" echo still;

Glad night with angel-touch meets star of dawn.

Sing on, sing on, ye choirs of heaven, of earth,
Your song unheard by Magi from afar,
For them the light beams forth in radiant star,
While peace smiles o'er the world to greet His birth.
"Peace, goodwill" echo still
Through holy night, though angel-face withdrawn

And still the Child we see in manger old.

Sing on, blest ones, that song for ever new!

From it love wrought all beauteous and true;

Glad souls, as flowers sweet, in light unfold.

"Peace, goodwill," echo still,

Still o'er that night angelic stars are strewn.

Sing on, sing on, O world so rich in peace!

List to the notes seraphic from the sky,

Behold full soon His coming draweth nigh!

Let now the tumult of the busy cease!

"Peace, goodwill" echo still.

Thy night the Prince of Peace shall wake to dawn,

the state of

Christus.

Watched their flocks ere night was sped.

"Peace," the shining angel said,

"Fear not!" Lo! the Father guiding

Sendeth joy to all for aye,

One to you is born this day.

David's city ancient, lowly

Holds a Saviour, Christ the Lord;

They with haste and glad accord,

Sore amazed at tidings holy

Him with adoration found.

While the glory shone around,

Lo! bright multitude gave praises

With the angel—heavenly choir—

Glory! glory! echoed higher,

Through the welkin's shining mazes

Glorious song the heavens thrill,

"Peace on earth, to men good will."

In a lowly manger lying,

Where were beasts of burden stalled,

(He was Christus, Jesus called,)

Room the crowded inn denying.

Thus Messiah deigned to be

Veiled in deep humility.

In the East that wondrous even
God's great lamps swung radiant far,
O'er their brightness shone His Star
To the wise men guide of Heaven.
Where the holy Infant slept
Joseph watch with Mary kept.

They with homage gave rich treasure,

Myrrh and precious frankincense,

Joyful tidings bearing thence,

Gracious word! 'twas God's good pleasure

Dawn should break their sombre night,

Earth illume with His great Light.

Holy Jesu, Saviour tender!

Praise we Father, Spirit, Son;
Grateful hearts Thy love hath won,
Crown Thy birth with pine-wreathed splendour.
Bless to each this sacred place;
Faith adoring pleads Thy grace.

Give to God the Highest glory!

He for us was mortal born;

Glory woke the Christmas morn

Dear to earth with song and story,

Anthems glad, when God as Man

Love's redeeming work began.

1982.

The Christ-Child.

A Legend of the Hartz Mountains.

LONE through the depths of a forest wild,
Pierced with cold of the night His feet were bare,
In a beggar's guise went the Holy Child.

"I'm aweary, so weary, while yonder there Rise beautiful homes in the rocky way; Ere long will I rest and their shelter pray.

"Perchance they will give from bounteous store;
Ah me! I shall try, but shall find no place
Where you castle-lights as bright stars shine o'er
Those great arching trees and my pathway trace."
At the castle tower in grandeur old
The Child stood knocking aweary and cold.

In his splendid room sat the baron proud,

When a warder came from the outer gate:

"My lord, 'tis a child. Is his stay allowed?

He hath journeyed far; he is cold; 'tis late.''

But the haughty word, "He's a beggar! No,"

Reached the child as he sadly turned to go.

"'Tis not for the proud," heard the warder true,

Ere the wondrous eyes smiled gently on him;

Ne'er had mortal gaze so thrilled his heart through—

"Could it be the Christ-Child?" His eyes were dim;

The voices of night were hushed and the mist

O'er the valleys hung and His garments kissed.

He was hungering, yet wist not, when again
From a great old house was the way illumed,
Where melodious harps sent sweet refrain,

Till Hope had the Wanderer's heart assumed For the grace of cheer, and He knocked for aid. Compassioning, fair, was the little maid,

Who spake at the feast to the joyous one;

"For no beggar plead!" was the cold exclaim.

Ah! could she have known 'twas the Blessed Son!

She knew not to give His poor was the same.

"How hardly shall they that have riches," heard

The pitying maid whose love was so stirred.

May chance the Christ Child's was the gracious voice, Must she bid Him forth from the rich man's home? Yet His kindly eyes made her heart rejoice.

The stars shone cold in the heavenly dome O'er the stricken Child, when He saw anear A little by-street, for the poor dwelt here.

He paused 'fore a hut that was builded thin,

When out on the night rang the village-chime;

"Twelve o' clock! I must haste to enter in;

Lo! the door is open for Me this time;

A blessing rest on this house!" Ere He knocked

Spake Gretchen to Karl, "The door I've not locked,

"For I thought the Christ-Child might pass perchance,
And, seeing it, might be impelled to try

The welcome within, that would us entrance.
List, He knocks!" "Ah, Gretchen! Dost think He's nigh

Could thy loved dream child such a beggar be?

This desolate one!" "Would, Karl, it were He,

"I would kiss those poor feet so travel-worn,
Welcome, weary one, to our food and fire!
We 're poor, but welcome! Are Thy garments torn?
Fresh ones shalt Thou have. Dost Thou rest require?
Here 's our little bed, for we watch and bide.
Comes the Christ-Child dear? Can Him ill betide?"

Slowly the small hut becomes a great room

Enriched as their meed. Now Karl groweth bright;
The loved mother's and the sweet maiden's bloom

Hath soft raiment enhanced. Lo! crowned with light From the Christ-Child's staff in their midst uplifts

A Christmas-tree hung with bounteous gifts.

In awed silence, glad, they wondering stand,

A glory His place is o'ershadowing,

They hear: "As ye've given with generous hand."—

E'er thus from good deeds do sweet blossoms spring, That small room, the heart, with love's flowers strewn, When He knocks with welcome, is larger grown.

There is Light beyond the Hills.

There is light beyond the hills,
With its glory earth adorning;
But my heart with anguish fills
For the dear, sweet faces vanished
Ne'er to greet with joy again
In the merry Christmas morning,
Which is fraught with love and pain.

Lo! the dawn of Christmas breaking
Is the smile of God o'er earth,
Love is happy hearts awaking
To the gladness of His birth.
There is hope in merry Christmas
For the Christ-Child's coming down,
Joy and peace in message holy,
All His gracious life to crown.

Thus the patience, love and duty

Of the blessed way are shewn;

While in that dear Land of beauty

He is calling to His own.

Yet 'tis sad this holy Christmas,

For so few of us are here;

There is sorrow in the household

Where the eyelids hold a tear.

But my Lord will bring the blessing
Of a smile this festal day
To my heart His love expressing;
He will wipe the tears away.
Our beloved are in God's keeping;
'Tis a little while before;
While we wait in hope, they're sleeping;
We shall meet and Him adore.

1885.

A Rose Geranium.

Is but a simple offering,

This tiny plant with perfume sweet

I've tended since the early spring

And love the odorous thanks to greet.

Now when the wintry winds so chill

Blow coldly o'er the sleeping flowers,

The little plants my windows fill

Brightening ofttimes some weary hours.

And so I send thee this sweet one

With cheering thought within its leaves

For times aweary; and alone

We love the dreams sweet fancy weaves;

And when those dreamy hours may be,

Oh! send a loving thought to me.

A Christmas Song.

CHRISTMAS time, dear Christmas time!
So gracious was God's love

He stooped to earth in lowly birth

To draw each soul above.

While evermore the angels' song

Doth echo all the way along,

"Peace!" In blest town of Bethlehem
He sleeps in manger laid;
No room was there for Child most fair
Save where dumb creatures stayed.
Wqile all the world is wrapt in sleep
His heavenly legions vigil keep.

The silver night breathes holy peace,
And joy to earth unknown!

He entered in to free from sin
And make men's hearts His throne.

So beautiful, so undefiled,

The Virgin Mother's wondrous Child.

O dear Lord Christ, the holy King,

Who came in silent way

A Light to shine with love divine

Till o'er the world 'tis day,

Where grateful praise His temples fill,

Glory to God, to men goodwill!

1897.

Baby's Shoes.

Softly, caressingly Baby greet, Pressing so tenderly little feet.

ow in thy robes so fair

As angels pure may wear,

Bright sunbeam thou, love's care,

Dear little sweet.

The cross hath signed thy brow, Be e'er true-hearted, now
Loved by the Saviour thou
Wilt faithful prove.

Light o'er thy future way
May His star's gentle ray
Guide thee to perfect day,
Where all is love.

Cittle Katie's Knitted Shoes.

And keep the little toes from cold!

I long the precious one to greet,

To watch the graceful bud unfold.

And when bright thought begins to wake,

And she to lisp some loved one's name,

Teach her how once for her dear sake

The Lord Himself a child became.

1864.

Passing Away.

HE year is passing, the beautiful year,

Like the loved and good who have gone before,

And freighted with memories, sad yet dear,

'Twill glide with the past to return no more.

Ah! many a gracious year has flown

From the childhood sweet to the maiden gay,

But none were so sad, to my heart I own,

As the suffering one now passing away.

The Old Near and the New.

Where the snow-rifts pressed them gently down,
While holly brightened the long white pall.

A Christmas wreath was the old year's crown.

I stood by the lonesome sea one day,

And saw a fair ship, with sails all furled,

Float into the wintry mist away

To the great unknown that bands the world.

And Time, the Captain, so grey and old,

With many a ship had sailed the seas,

For a summer each, for a winter's cold,

Ere they were lost in the centuries

With their freight of hopes once held so dear.

Yet sweet, as the skylark soars and sings,
Glad Hope ariseth to greet the year,

And o'er the fair ship spreads silver wings;

While Time the sorrowing doth befriend

With healing touch as he glides along,

Till sad, sweet memories softening blend

In suffering hearts refined, made strong;

When Faith through the rifting mist afar

Beholds the glory His love reveals,

And finds by the wondrous leading star

The beautiful gate, and pleading kneels;

Then Joy and Peace in the fair ship reign,

While soulful windows the Sun shines through;

Time's echoing steps bear sweet refrain,

When Love for a brother work will do.

Snow in Rome.

(February. 1901.)

N this century's beginning,
On the sixth, it chanced to shew
Wondrous morning, when the snow-flakes
Could the earth of Rome bestrew —
'Twas the Papal Benediction —
In the fading sunset glow
We, in Piazza San Pietro,
Stooped a tiny ball to throw.

* *

Now is cold the ancient city,
In this sunny land is snow
O'er Borghesè Villa wreathing,
Where the daisies ever blow;
White the fluffy veil drops gently
Hiding where the grasses grow;
Laden trees, great flakes a-falling,
Bend so graceful, soft and low;
Rise the famed old statues fairer
Where the icy fountains flow;

Strange the sight, for years are seven
Since the wires bending so
By these beauteous star-like flowers
Pressed were to their overthrow.

For awhile is trade suspended

Where the horse doth fear to go, But the boys have found new pleasure

As the balls fly to and fro;

While from Monté Pincio floateth

Music sweet at evening glow,

Bands for Carnival are playing.

Lo! the joy one may bestow;

Who the shivering poor befriendeth

God's sweet grace doth ever show.

In the silent city's whiteness

Is a beauty few can know

For in Rome hath rarely happened Such a marvellous fall of snow.

Lift up thine Eyes and Behold how Gracious the Cord is.

PEN thy windows and let Him in,

Look to the stars, to the worlds that shine,

See how that bounteous Hand divine

Holdeth the earth; long way it hath been

Circling for ages, nor varying aught,

Look how all beautiful it is wrought.

Into the realm of sweet nature gaze;

How its perfection doth please the eye!

Valley and mountain, the ocean, sky,

Rivers, the trees in wonderful maze,

Flower-tipped grasses that line the way,

Lilies fair, roses, loved blossoms gay.

Life, in the measureless, deep, wide sea,
Soaring in air or roaming the wood,
Moves at the Will that makes all things good.
Open thine understanding, and be
Not like the creatures that dumbly wait
Pleasure of thine, for thy use create.

See in thyself a marvel unknown

Coming to earth-life, ever His care,

Given a world with its sun-lit air;

Heaven, whence gracious One left a Throne —

Mighty Love's mystery, stooping down,

Wreathed from His thorns thy love's glorious crown.

How will thine eyes, if unused, behold
Glory of Him who hath wrought it all?
Mists will obscure, soon darkness must fall.
Look while thou canst at the gleam of gold
Shining in love of that Holy One,
Open wide windows unto His Son.

1895.

The Bentle Jesus.

I.

HE sweetest One that e'er drew breath Was Jesus Christ of Nazareth;

That holy ground whereon He walked,
That blessed home wherein He talked,
Where holy Hands found sweet employ
And all He touched was filled with joy!
While gladsome trilled each little bird,
Such praise of Him its pulses stirred;
And gentle Joseph loving stood
Rejoicing in the heart so good—
This heavenly minded Boy.

II.

When forth at rosy dawn He went,

Its splendour in glad silence grew,
The sun with gold-dust traced the blue,
Sweet flowers with grateful incense bent,
The slender grasses meekly bowed
And rose from holy footsteps proud,
Impearled with glistening dew.

III.

There would the rills with gladness run
Swift flecking in the golden sun;
The wandering sheep on hill-side fair
He gathered oft with loving care;
They knew His voice, the creatures all
Would hearken to His lightest call.
E'en waters, rousing troubled sea,
Hushed into calm, fair Galilee;
Or sparkling changed to choicest wine,
As though long since pressed from the vine,
When spake that Holy One.

IV.

Twice He with little fish and bread
Compassioning the thousands fed,
While sore afflicted ones and ill
His holy touch with health would thrill;
When gently with a word He saith
"Arise, "and rescued them from death.
Behold the mother's treasure sweet!
All her full soul with love replete
Kept well His sayings in her heart,
For ne'er had mortal such a part;
Ne'er sweeter One drew breath.

The Mother of us all.

SOUL, thou goest, whither? Hearest the Master's call?

His Church is ever pleading;
List, for thy life is needing
The gracious, tender Mother.
She prayeth for us all.

Comes youth with glad advances,
But age in numbers small;
Then haste thou in the morning,
Her white robes thee adorning;
Obey the holy Mother,
Blest Mother of us all.

She washes us in childhood,

The sinner frees from thrall;
By her love's banns are spoken,
And holy Bread is broken.

Grieve not the faithful Mother,

Sweet Mother of us all.

She buildeth stately temples
God's glory to extol,
And heavenward points the steeple,
Reminding all the people
What blessings hath our Mother,
The Mother of us all.

O mourner, sore afflicted,
Rest not in lonely hall,
Come, holy vows renewing,
Find peace thy soul imbuing—
Love's ways taught by the Mother,
Dear Mother of us all.

Peace dwells in solemn arches,
Where benedictions fall.
When prayer-winged hours fly faster
My soul would seek the Master,
Lulled by thy requiem, Mother,
Loved Mother of us all.

A Snow: fall.

HE sky is hazy, the sun is lazy,
A little flake drops gently down,
Then comes another, to meet its brother,
They clasp in air and blanch the town.

Each brown bush gathers the snowy feathers,

Then graceful droops o'er lawn and field;

Trees bend, embracing white interlacing

Of branches small; their long trunks yield,

Till ghostly cover o'er all doth hover

The day and night to make earth fair;

Snow-ploughs are going, boys gaily throwing,

Dogs rolling toss white mist in air.

The twilight lingers, still snow-white fingers

Throw fluffy balls into the night;

'Twere dainty pleasure, could one but measure

Snow-stars that haze the moon's pale light.

Toledo.

The White Sunday.

February 9, 1896.

saw them on my window—
The little fairies grow—
When all the world in beauty
Was waking in the snow.
The star-flowers were like roses
In pretty clusters laid,
Soft drapery of lightness
The artist storm-king made;

Where all the lovely branches
In feathered grace o'erhung
The great tree-trunks, snow-laden,
White wreaths swift whirled among.
The city lay in whiteness,
Brown earth seemed purified,
As when some patient worker
Swift passed, whom death would hide,

And left the cold clay garment

The soul-life had outgrown,

A marvel for the sculptor,

Such beauty-lines were shown.

How glad amid earth's life-springs,

When snowy mantle falls,

Are little seeds close hidden

Within their prison walls!

For early wakes the spring-time

When earth hath snowy crown;

Soft, warm and moist it covers

What holds the violets down.

So wonderful and gracious

The works of God are planned;

He maketh us to praise Him

In snow-white fairy-land.

To my Brother's "Snow Bird" of Ten Nears.

An Acrostic.

M odest and loving, beautiful and true,

A ll cultured ways of usefulness pursue,

R eading the golden rule, which following

Y ears will sweet peace and gentle patience bring.

L ose not the precious moments given thee,

U pward and onward flies the busy bee,

C aring for others, sowing golden grain,

I n garnered sheaves it will return again,

A nd joy will through thy heart send sweet refrain.

H ide not thy talent; in His love abide

I n faith and hope until the eventide,

L ooking to Jesus as thy Guide and Stay,

L earning of Him the meek and lowly way,

S o win thy rest in glory. Thus I pray.

To a Soldier at the front.

March, 1865.

ost noble and true-hearted soldier,
In our country's righteous cause
Now fighting for freedom so manfully—
For freedom and all its laws.

What word shall I say to thee, soldier,
As weary, worn with the fray,
Or fighting again thy last battles
Thou chancest on this to stray?

Oh! brave be thy heart ever patient,

Though it seem a weary time,

We must hope for the brightsome future,

Faith maketh the life sublime.

Firm be in the hour of temptation

And list to the Spirit's voice

That guideth with gentle monitions;

Let good be thy only choice.

May the Father be with thee ever
When the hour of battle's nigh;
While loved ones around thee are falling,
Pray, trust—He will heed thy cry.

So anxious at home we are watching,

And praying to see once more

Our brave and true-hearted warriors,

When peace shall our land restore.

Soon wide o'er the land will be waving
Our loyal banner they bear,
With blessing of captives and freed-men.
No stars will be wanting there.

God bless thee, in midst of the danger;

May the gift make glad thine eyes!

To the blue be thou ever faithful;

Pray the Christ-love make thee wise.

Do What is Next to thee.

o what is next to thee,
Love doth not measure;
If not thy pleasure
Still thine the peace will be.

Do it with all thy might,

Brief is the living,

Blessed those in giving

As in God's holy sight.

Do it for Jesus' sake

Though it be trying,

Sweet thy denying

His love can ever make.

Do it with all thy strength,

Be not delaying,

But swift obeying,

For night will come at length.

Do all with care and zest,

Patient in doing,

Watchful, pursuing;

So life's long days are blest.

Do thou with prayerful heart,
Always rejoicing;
Let thy sweet voicing
Some good to all impart.

Do what is right and meet,
Wait not the morrow,
So shall not sorrow
Burden love's willing feet.

A Mother's Grief.



MOTHER heart! that with lone grief is Breaking,

Thy little flower, in God's white garden Waking,

Doth Jesus take; with love's sweet grace He Tendeth

For evermore in its pure bloom; peace Sendeth,

Hope's benediction for the mother Weeping,

To lead where He the precious flower is Keeping.

To a young mother, 1896.

The Shepherd and the Camb.

N Palestine the rocks in masses high
Seem through their mists to touch the heavenly blue;
What way ethereal might one venture through

What way ethereal might one venture through To reach the glorious worlds beyond the sky.

Those mountain-heights blanched with eternal snows
When spring awakes the vales to smiling green,
Their rugged sides in verdure scant are seen,
And swiftly down the sparkling cascade flows.

Perchance some huntsman comes the lonely way,
Or traveller o'er their grandeur doth rejoice,
With glad *Te Deum* lifts his praiseful voice,
And echo hastes to grateful homage pay.

The goats browse wild upon the rocky hills,

Whose fastnesses the many creatures hide;

Where shepherds with their flocks in valleys bide,

Grows tender herbage fed by mountain rills.

For many days the sheep may wander there
By cooling springs with plenteous repast;
The lonely shepherd reads the mountains vast
Ere he to pastures new must lead his care.

And in the languid heats of summer-time,

When oft is drought, fair grasses soon are dead,

By mountain streams no more their verdure fed,

The shepherd seeks for them a better clime.

Lone o'er the scorchéd waste, the rugged steeps,
Where perils wait in chasm and cruel rock,
He slowly journeys with his little flock,
While folded to his breast a lamb he keeps.

When so bereft, behold! the mother's fears

Have vanished all, nor aught her care can bring,
But glad she hastes beside him close to spring,
For there the bleating of her lamb she hears.

While thus she leads, her frightened followers
Rush madly o'er the gulfs where danger lies
To fairer lands, where ills no more surprise,
And pastures green the running brooklet stirs.

What joy the mother hath her lamb to see,

Joy in this paradise again to find

Her rest and friends with Love, the shepherd kind,

Who took and bore her lamb from evil free.

"Thus doth the Heavenly Shepherd our loved take"—
One day I heard it as God's servant told
(A little babe asleep lay fair and cold)
So tenderly, for its young mother's sake,

He wrought this garland sweet of travelled lore,
Whose thread of love would guide, when faith grows dim,
To that blest Land, where looking unto Him
She saw the lamb her tender Shepherd bore.

Thoughts at Midnight.

Lamb of God! in Thy most holy sight
How shall we ever bide?
Thy rays illustrious the world doth light,
O whither may we hide?
In mountain-cave, afar in deep, deep sea,
In desert wild, still, still we are with Thee.

Thine awfulness the fainting soul doth melt

As in consuming flame;

In night's lone darkness is Thy presence felt,

Men call upon Thy name;

For evermore they call in their distress,

Unknowing when Thine arm doth reach to bless.

Yet 'tis in Thee, whose light illumes with love,
Souls loving hide, and know
How bending from Thy holy height above
Thou unto man didst shew
Love's perfectness, the cross Thy patience bore,
That love might fear displace for evermore.

Rome. March 23. 1901.

ISAIAH LIII.

A Transposition.

To whom the Lord His arm revealed?

For He shall grow of Him received

As tender plant, or root unsealed

Of ground athirst. Naught doth impress

Of beauty, form or comeliness.

He is despised, reject of men,

A man of sorrows, 'quaint with grief:
We hid, as 'twere, our faces when

He was despised, nor gave relief.
Surely our griefs and sorrows borne—
Of God we deemed His heart was torn.

But wounded for transgressions ours.

For our iniquities so bruised;

His chastisement our peace empowers.

Though for His love despised, refused.

Yet with His stripes all we are healed,

The precious gift His blood hath sealed.

All we like sheep have gone astray;

The Lord on Him our sins hath laid;

We have turned each to his own way;

He was oppressed, afflicted made,

Yet from His mouth no word e'er came,

He silent bore the cruel shame.

As lamb unto the slaughter led,

As sheep before her shearers dumb,
Their wrath poured on His lowly head

So innocent. Oh! could not some
Have turned and loved His holy ways?
"Father, forgive," He meekly prays.

From prison and from judgment taken,
Who shall His generation show?
Cut from the living land, forsaken,
Thus for His people stricken so;
For their transgressions wounded sore.
The agony, the Cross He bore.

With wicked men He made His grave,
And with the rich was laid in death;
Because no violence He gave
Neither deceit was in His breath;
Yet Him it pleased the Lord to bruise,
To put to grief did not refuse.

When Thou shalt make His soul for sin

An offering, He of His seed

Shall see, His days prolongéd in

Their length shall be, and for His need

The pleasure of the Lord's command

Shall ever prosper in His hand.

He of the travail of His soul
Shall see, and shall be satisfied;
My righteous servant shall make whole
By knowledge, and in Him shall bide
The many justified, for He
Shall bear for them iniquity.

Therefore a portion will I give

Him with the great, and with the strong
Shall He divide the spoil. We live

Because to death His soul so long
He poured, was with transgressors given,
Bare sins, and intercession made with Heaven.

" Come Unto Me."

One of the Four Comfortable Words.

ow lovingly His pleading tones sweep o'er
The contrite heart by sin unstrung ofttimes,
Their plaintive cadences sweet love outpour
Thrilling along the chords like silver chimes.

What solemn voice comes to my listening ear
In the low matin-bell, the call to prayer!
"Come unto Me," come, grateful heart, and hear
Life-giving words that shall thy soul prepare.

O all ye weary, heavy laden, grieved,

"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest;

My yoke is easy," when with love received,

Then take and "learn of Me," sad soul opprest.

Stretch forth thy hand e'en to the pearly gate,

Pure at the Font thy soul washed free from stain;

Then onward press, for ah! the hour is late

And much to do, if faithful thou remain.

- "Come unto Me." With broken heart I see
 Thy Table spread, and lovingly I feel
 Thy gracious Presence. as we kneel to Thee
 By faith beheld, bending to bless and heal.
- O Thou, whose tender pity hears our cry,
 Uphold with everlasting arms of Thine
 Each humble suppliant, be ever nigh
 To guide and bless him in Thy work divine.
- With beauteous feet they stand on Zion's hill,

 Whose lives have shown Thy meek and lowly ways;

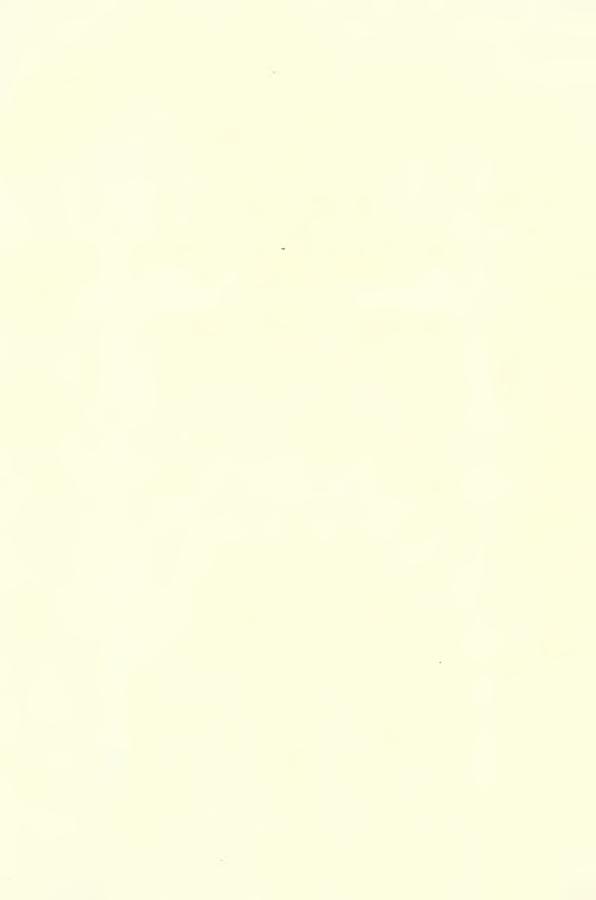
 And if with loving hearts we seek Thy will,

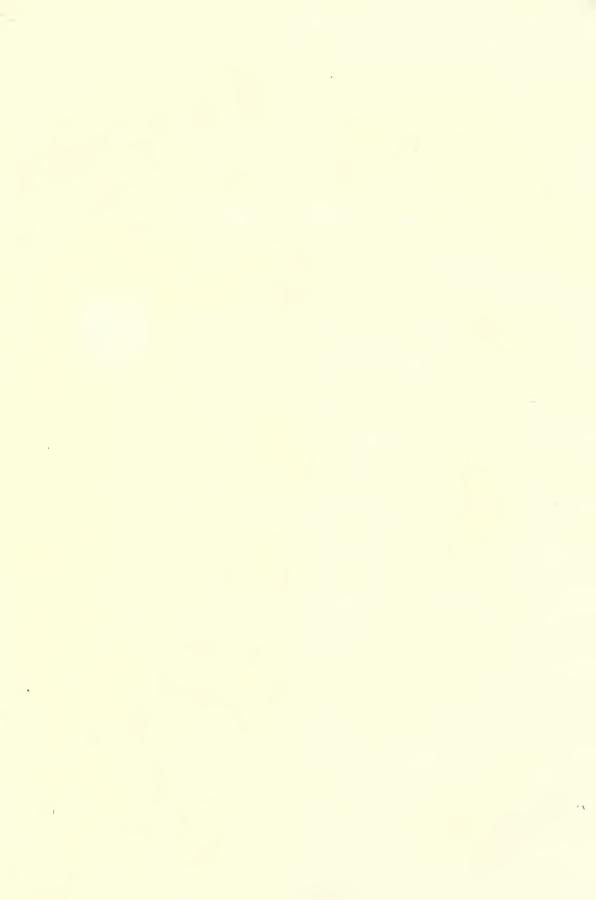
 May we not with the angels sing Thy praise?

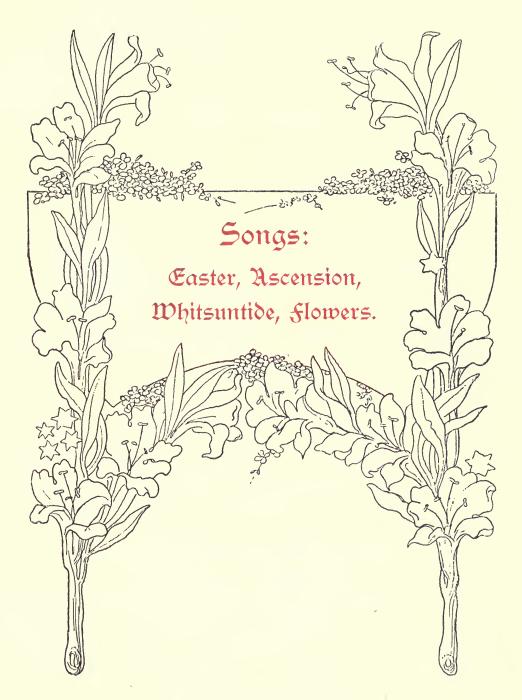
A Segend of the Cross.

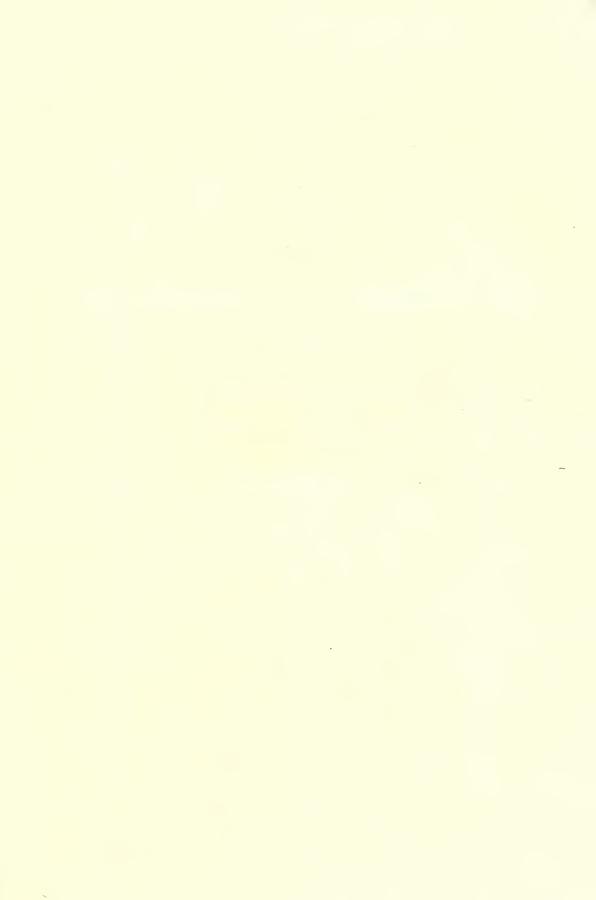
is said, while on the cross the Saviour hung
'Mid cruel hearts, 'mid hearts with anguish wrung,

There came a little bird of plain gray wing,
His agony so deep compassioning,
That with its beak the cruel nail it sought;
'Twas in the piercéd Hand too deeply wrought,
But o'er its gentle breast whose toil was vain
There dropped the precious blood, for e'er to stain,
And God had crossed the bill so straight before;
While its reward was more who crimson wore,
For broods not in the winter other bird,
And those whose veins are with hot fever stirred,
Should they with kindness cheer the wanderer's way,
It hath the power the fever to allay.









Easter Carol.

WEET Easter Day wakes bloom and spray
In holy places graceful hung,

While everywhere the joyous air Resounds with alleluias sung.

Alleluia!

And floating higher the heavenly choir
Our theme of joy with rapture shew.
Praise Him, 'tis meet our Lord to greet
With songs of love His angels know.
Alleluia!

To Christ our King glad hearts we bring;
The Conqueror of death is He,
Who from the tomb hath 'reft the gloom,
And won for us the victory.
Alleluia!

He is our Priest; we keep the feast
As kept of old with love sincere.

Glad Easter-tide, than all beside
Thou art of days more precious, dear.

Alleluia!

What day of rest for us so blest?

Sing alleluias o'er the earth,

Our Christ is risen, hath burst Death's prison,

Behold the Lamb of spotless worth!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

1888.

HYMN.

Adoration.

Esus, Lamb of love's creation. Since this fallen world began.

Thou hast been the one oblation

Which could satisfy for man;

Though his life be pure and lowly,

Thou alone, Blest One, art holy.

How shall I with heart adoring
Praise attune to gracious ear?
Sing of love, Thy life's outpouring,
Sing with faith and holy fear?
Where Thy radiant jewels glisten,
Wilt Thou to a suppliant listen?

Listen to the heart's unveiling,

Thoughts Thou knowest, word and deed,
To Thy Cross each sorrow nailing,

Soul with heavenly manna feed—

Glad my heart to do Thy pleasure,
Run, or tarry, Lord, Thy leisure.

List Thy words as benediction

Breathing to the weary rest,

Words to pardon dereliction,

Love, unknown to sinful breast. Pardon I implore Thee, kneeling, Fount of precious love revealing.

Wash me, Saviour interceding,

Thou who didst for sin atone;

Make me pure, my love is pleading,

Smile on me from Thy blest Throne;

When with Thee I ne'er am lonely,

Thee I love, I love Thee only.

Amen.

1896.

Easter Bells.

WAKE! glad early Easter bells!

The Easter moon rides high and bright,

All East is tremulous with light,

Great Nature hears, with gladness swells,

Through wintry band of silence breaks,

Uplifts, and lo! sweet bloom awakes.

Ring! ring! ye holy Easter bells!

Ring dawn of mercy, peace and love,

Bright hope, whose life-spring is above.

Our Lord is risen, your chiming tells;

Ring! for the Conqueror, the King,

Let all the ransomed people sing!

Ring out His victory, Easter bells!

The Sun of righteousness is risen
O'er pain and death, the tomb's dark prison;
Their darkness He for us dispels,
Whose glory lighteth all the world
Where'er His banner is unfurled.

Ring carols, happy Easter bells!

From tender voices soft and low
The Master hears sweet praises flow,
Where Alleluia all excels.

So gracious is the Risen Lord,
The Jesus Christus, Holy Word.

Ring out for joy, sweet Easter bells!

The bitter pain, the grief is o'er,

The Cross, our blest Redeemer bore.

Love's fount of mercy ever wells

Where grateful hearts may drink and bide,

Belovéd, near His wounded side.

Ring Alleluias, Easter bells!

In temple riched with bloom and voice;
Ring resurrection! souls rejoice

So blest, like Him to rise! Ye bells,
Ring! ring! His praises be your song,
While echo doth the holy theme prolong.

Easter.

DAY, most fair, thou art than all more sweet,
All hail! the eyelids of the morn unclose,

And we must haste our risen Lord to greet

With spicery, each beauteous flower that blows.

O'er gladdened earth our springing step delays;

Where once a tomb, an Altar meets our gaze

In holy Church where His redeemed may bring The incense, meet a contrite heart to burn With love that doth of Christ triumphant sing,

In lofty measure earth's great singers learn, Till trembles air with joy and lilied scent, And comes the gracious Feast to souls content.

Dear Paschal Lamb once slain to save us all!

The world doth keep thy Passover to-day.

On heavenly Bread they feed who list Thy call,

With awe Thy Cup receive, nor thirst alway,

But strong in that blest Lamb united live;

That living Bread doth life eternal give.

How venerable those holy Hands that blessed!

Still may we their dear benediction feel,

And walk in love, as Christ hath love expressed

Who from His splendour came to love reveal.

Then man His sinlessness will strive to gain,

And Easter joy on earth for ever reign.

"Consider the Cilies."

ow fair the lilies with their noiseless bells!

Like perfumed censers gracefully they swing,

Whose incense sweet impels

Soft airs to waft their grateful offering,

As beauteous they stand

Fresh from the Maker's Hand.

Some grace frail stems with tiny bells, and hide
'Mid leafage green when May birds sing; so pure
Their lowly teachings guide
To thought of Him, and thus our faith assure,
For "they toil not" and yet
Their Lord doth ne'er forget.

What raiment! Though "they spin not, Solomon
In all his glory" was not so arrayed.

The earth and mist and sun
Unfolding brilliant dyes rich vesture made,
Whose loveliness became
Expressed in that soft name.

Some gorgeous rise pale ones beside, and breath
As sweet exhale, yet brides the pale-robed choose,
Love wreathes the white o'er death,
For their similitude doth thought infuse
Of holiness—Jesu
More pure than lilies grew.

"If God so clothe the grasses of the field"
He said, whose blossom fadeth in a day,
What love hath He revealed,
"O ye of little faith," Who cares alway
For you! Such words replete
With love did He repeat.

As in unsullied robes He walked the earth,

Not in the costly vesture kings should wear,

But of symbolic worth.

How blesséd must have been the lilies fair

His sacred feet had pressed,

When He those words addressed.

Easter Morn.

HRIST is risen. Alleluia!
How the joyous angel-host
Fill glad Heaven with anthems glorious,
Christ is risen, o'er death victorious,
Saving them whom sin had lost.
Mighty Victor, gentle Saviour,
We adore and love Thee most.

Christ is risen. Alleluia!

In the hour of bitter pain

Loving mercy, blest assurance,

Strengthening to a meek endurance,

Friend most true will He remain.

Gracious is the smile He weareth,

May we e'er His love retain!

Christ is risen. Alleluia!

Breathes the organ's solemn tone,
While the heart trills out in gladness
Hope's sweet flowers 'reft of sadness.

On the Cross have lilies blown
O'er the pure white marble Altar,
Where He feedeth souls His own.

Christ is risen. Alleluia!

Death's appalling dread is o'er;

Trusting heart on Him relying,

It shall waft thee, blest in dying,

Gently to the heavenly shore.

In His presence love abideth,

Joy and peace reign evermore.

Amen.

1861.

HYMN.

Beneficence.

God, so bounteous is Thy goodness, bending With love and gratitude we come to Thee,

For Thou to us art ever mercies sending

So graciously.

Thou givest us to know of joy and sorrow,

Thou givest us to know of pain and peace;

We are the children of to-day, unknown the morrow

When life may cease.

Yet day by day—some to their years' fruition—
We walk as though for ever to be here,
While waiting are the beauteous fields elysian,
The Christ so dear.

What must Thou think of children Thine ungrateful
Thou measurest from holy height above?
Thy boundless patience is for ever waitful
Till they shall love.

Berlin.

The Thread of Bold.

weaver wrought through shade and sun
Though fields lay bare, or blossomed o'er;
His locks the frost of ages wore,
Yte ne'er the quaint design was done.
A cross the pattern bore.

Twas grey against a sombre sky,

With lilies covered pure as snow,

Where streamed amidst a crimson glow,

A crown of thorns was wreathed high,

Fair bloomed the mount below.

I. N. R. I, 'Twas legend old—

Jesus, Rex, Nazarene, Judae—

Memorial of His love for aye,

That Time inwrought with thread of gold—

I. N. R. I., the Way.

Its glory crowned the lilies pure

And touched the myriad crosses there
Of gold, of pearl, of jewels rare;
Rich, tender shades wrought to endure,
Grey, flower-wreathed, and bare,

Were mingled with the small ones white
In blended harmony of hues.
And as through each the radiant clews
Gleamed from I. N. R. I., soft light
Did over all diffuse.

N R. I. Love reaching down.

Whom prophets saw by faith afar

With glorious touch Death's gates unbar,

And bear the cross that He might crown;

Nor hate the plan could mar.

By faith we bear the cross He sends,
Perchance of high or low degree,
While thread of loved I. N. R. I.,
The world's great heart together blends
In bond that maketh free.

The golden thread of life His love
Ashine with benediction winds,
His grace the crimson tide unbinds,
And souls made pure like those above
In spotless robes He finds.

Easter Carol.

ASTER holy, love adoring,
Hastes to greet the risen Lord;
Alleluia! wakes the chord.

Alleluia!

Lift your heads ye desolated, Lo! the King hath new created.

Alleluia!

Who is risen, King so mighty?

Once a Babe at Christmas-tide

He for us was crucified.

Alleluia!

Gate of hell His way unstayeth, Earth redeemed glad homage payeth,

Alleluia!

Thorns no more, but flowers bringing, Cross and crown of lilies wreathed, Grateful incense softly breathed.

Alleluia!

Choirs with praiseful anthems teeming Wake the song of love redeeming.

Alleluia!

Christ is risen. Light in darkness
Shineth unto all for aye,
Life and death to glorify.

Alleluia!

Lamb of Sacrifice, most holy
Feast of Thine keep high and lowly.
Alleluia!

Since by man came death and sorrow,

Through His death by resurrection

Man victorious wins affection.

Alleluia!

Praise the Lord whose love so tender
Pitying came from Heaven's splendour!
Alleluia!

As in Adam all were dying

Christ His gracious life did give,

So that all in Him may live.

Alleluia!

Earth proclaims Thy loveful story, Crowns the Triune name with glory. Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

This have 3 done for thee.

In the year 1700 Count von Tinzendorf, founder of the Moravian Church, while travelling in Germany found at an inn a picture of the Crucified Lord. Surprised at seeing it in such a place and wishing to attract serious attention thereto, he wrote underneath it the following sentence which led to the conversion of the innkeeper and his family:

"This have I done for thee, What dost thou do for Me?"

sou I ve

SOUGHT thee far from home, estranged from God; I veiled My glory and a Babe became;

I bore the mocking and the cruel shame,
Then Calvary with pain I fainting trod.
This have I done for thee,
What dost thou do for Me?

So agonized upon the Cross I hung,

Pierced by thy sins, wounded thy soul to heal,

My Resurrection did thy pardon seal

When for thy sake the gates of death were swung,

This have I done for thee,

What dost thou do for Me?

Before the Father's Throne I pleading stand;

Come unto Me and thou shalt find sweet rest.

Yea, Lord, I come, ashamed so late exprest

My love and service, at Thy dear command,

This will I do for Thee,

For Thou didst die for me.

My Father, Nour Father, Our Father.

"A new commandment give I unto you."



THOU, who cam'st God's love revealing,
With Thy death sealing
His Word so true,
Thou said'st, "My Father is our Father,"
And gave to us commandment new.

O Love, that liftest up to Heaven
Glad souls forgiven
To dwell with Thee,
To love as brother one another.
That love in Thine may perfect be,

Thou hast ordainéd feast most holy

Where high and lowly

Shall take as one

Love's sweet remembrance in blest semblance,

O Christ, so gracious, God's dear Son!

Great Heart of Love, Thou'rt earthway bending,
Thy comfort lending
'Mid cries of pain.
Say'st Thou to sorrow, Bright the morrow,
For those who sleep shall rise again.

Our little lamps, so feebly burning,

Few souls are turning

To Thy dear love;

Bless each endeavour, nor grace sever

Before Thine awful Throne above.

Amen.

Rome. 1899.

The Cilies of Ascensions-tide.

WEET fairy bells that come 'mid April showers
With odorous breath to wake the early May,
I watch with gladness their pale budding flowers
And wait impatiently the long delay.

Meek blossoms folded in the Master's thought,

Each tiny chalice by the dew is fed,

And as the sun hath them with beauty fraught,

So in our souls the Christ His light doth shed,

For lowly, pure He would that all should be;

Though winds unkind oft seem life's bloom to chill
He tempers them and guards protectingly

Each drooping flower His tender love may fill.

With vesture fair as angel's, waking here
In lovely innocence, like childhood sweet,
Meet emblems are these graceful blooms so dear;
They seem spring's messengers that haste to greet

The King of Glory as He seeks the skies.

He, blessing His beloved, is caught away.

'Midst angel-legions, praising while they rise,

And glad with hope are Christian hearts for aye—

Hope, though His loving footsteps never more
Will press earth's weary way. Love's work is done.
Who is the King? Swing wide the heavenly door!
The King is He who hath the victory won.

He is on high, yet faith doth trusting bide
And in the promised Comforter rejoice,
While oft the lilies grace this holy-tide
With fragrant breath, as we hosannas voice.

The Two Roses.

A Tribute.

The fairest rose the garden flowers among.

So fair — a lad its loveliness espied,

And thus unto the gardener quickly cried:

"Pluck me that rose so fresh upon its stem,

Alone it stands." But he replied. "Ah, no!

Though lone it blooms could I despoil it so?

Lo! underneath the petals' gorgeous hem

"Another flower with folded fragrance lies.

To pluck that rose the bud 'twould sacrifice;

Then give your hasty wish no after-thought,

For see, the tender stems are close inwrought."

Again, one day he sought the garden fair.

With quickened pace — What joyous wonderment!
Behold! the rose-tree 'neath two roses bent,
For lovingly the first did linger there

'Gainst its now perfect counterpart. Erstwhile A breath, then gently as a passing smile The waiting petals floated glistening down With radiant touch the other rose to crown. A mother-life slipped from its earthly bands,

And to those regions where the ransomed wait
Her blissful spirit passed the pearly gate.
The mother-love still prays with folded hands,
And "Let your light so shine" pleads in blest state.

Cleveland.

Whitsuntide.

The Sabbath stillness, beauteous as of yore
When woke the Christian Church, inspired to sway
A world. As then, each true heart now doth pray,
May Whitsuntide still gracious gift outpour!

With might of power hushed yet deep, behold He cometh; yea, though not, as once of old, With rushing winds do tongues of fire appear, The gentle Presence wakes no listening ear, But silently each spirit doth enfold.

Strange mystery, this pleading visitant,
That with such graciousness of love doth haunt
And thus revive a heart with sin astray—
E'en one, while gently teaching to obey,
Then in such tender soul, renewed, emplant

The good, that 'neath His Hand shall bloom afield In beauteous fragrance, e'en in death revealed—Good not unmingled, thorns may oft obscure The radiance of the Cross, yet love endure In stricken hearts, as crushed flowers perfume yield.

Aye, though a life its good, or ill bequeathes
By angels paged, lived by the Cross it wreathes
With shining light the Truth; lives, wrought with zeal
Did self resigning, purity reveal,
Like gold by fire refined. Their story breathes

How from their Baptism faith hath meekly trod, And martyred souls pain-winged gone glad to God. Crowned with a lustre time hath never dimmed. For e'er to live, in gentle measure hymned, Sweet lives, as flowers bloom on Aaron's rod.

And we with reverence con their faithful page, Oft tear-bedimmed for youth and helpless age So innocent betrayed — brave souls that served Undaunted e'en to death; what courage nerved Such pain? Ah, gentle Spirit, heritage Of love the Christ hath sent, Thy watchfulness Did rest within and strengthen to confess His name; such mission evermore is Thine, With pure reviving breath of love divine, Enkindling in each heart true nobleness,

And weeding out the ill, thus to renew;
E'en as a kind physician doth pursue
Through hidden path a wound, so Thou dost bend—
With kindly scourgings, teaching to amend,
Then strengthen with sweet tenderness a true

And suffering one, through chastening drawn to Thee, Drawn with a gentleness, that lovingly Pervades those dear memorials revered, Whose depths serene, peace, joy upspring endeared Of pain, and hope, beyond where mystery And death flow on in everlasting tide, Beholds for him Heaven's gates glad open wide.

The Three Birdlings.

A Memory.

was when the earth was rose a-bloom,
And fragrant airs the blossoms stirred,
While gladsomely each little bird
Gave praise in skyward leafy room.

I plucked the roses for a crown
So fair and sweet of white and red,
And wove them for the sainted dead
Whose slumbering eyes were long pressed down.

Tall, waving grasses covered her—

The loved grand'mère of long ago—
We parted them her feet below

And woke some little birds astir.

I looked beneath the grassy veil—

Three mouths agape were my surprise,

Three bare, gaunt forms with closéd eyes.

The nestlings gave a plaintive wail.

Where was the mother? we had nought.

How all alone they seemed to be!

We closed the grass that none might see.

A mower passed. If ill he wrought

I know not, or perchance they trilled

That summer-time in wild rose-bower;

But He who cares for bird and flower

Our helpless need with love hath filled.

Carney Hospital.

Tasso's Day.

was the twenty-fifth of April—
St. Mark's and Tasso's Day;

St. Onofrio's on the hill-side

We sought, rose-wreaths to lay

On the tomb of the great Poet—

Tasso's last sheltering home,

Whom they crowned, life's sufferings ended,

They crowned with wreaths of Rome.

Spreads the city 'fore the loggia

His weary feet oft paced,

Now 'tis hung with laurel garlands

That year by year are placed.

Here over him smiled the sunshine

St. Peter's dome lifts near;

Far beneath his pleasant windows

Sweet garden gave him cheer,

While he viewed the distant mountains
And trees with smiling green;
A year and a half he lingered
Where memories dear are seen.
Two rooms hold the precious pages
The Poet's wealth of song,
Quaint this treasure gift of ages,
Which years of care prolong.

His rest in the Church so ancient
Unbroken long was stayed
Till Pius the Ninth with splendour
A costly new tomb made.
They carved him in purest marble,
Carved the procession meet;
Above, as in life, he standeth;
Blooms laid we at his feet.

Near by is the oak of Tasso

Thrice wreathed by us with flowers,
With the buttercups and daisies

We chained the morn's bright hours;
Round the time-worn tree we wound them,
Glad its great girth to twine,
Where the Poet's song was ended—

His song of love divine.

To Hettie.

H! well do I remember thee;

'Twas in a glorious summer hour

Thy lovely flowers came fresh to me

Waking sweet chords and memory

Of happy friendship's love and power.

O sun-kissed flowers! O wind-kissed leaves!
Ye voiceless words from songful friend,
Your loveliness soft spell enweaves,
And harmonies (pain wings receives)
To listening ears their sweetness lend.

Alas! the flowers are faded now,

Like summer friends they've passed away,

Nor loving hand doth soothe my brow

Of dear ones; loved, true friend art thou,

And I for thee Our Father's blessing pray.

Simplicity.

A Fable of the Angel and the Rosebud.



is said, the angel, who for earth's sweet flowers careth,
Cool draughts from lakelets of the midnight air swift beareth,

In dew distilling,

Their small cups filling

With soft delight. One day of spring he, wearied with long flight, In grateful shade by rose-tree made sank down and slumbered.

Thus, when awake,

With thanks he spake:

"O thou, of children mine most beautiful, that bendest With odours sweet to me, and shade's refreshment lendest,

Let moment golden

Thy speech embolden,

And favour ask, if aught thou wouldst who dost in sunlight bask." Then spirit-guest in rose-bud pressed breathed low replying

"O gracious one!

Thou'st pearl-drops spun,

"Adorn me, pray, with some new charm," it soft entreated.

And so the angel this loved flower's charms completed,

With mosses simple

Adorned each rimple.

Then modest-dressed, of earth's sweet flowers the sweetest, loveliest, The moss-rose stood. Of sisterhood most fair and beautiful.

Thus will pure mind Dress simplest find.

Masturtiums.

To hold, like nectar pure, refreshing dew!

Umbrellas green shade when the sun smiles down;

Crisp veins of trailing vines stretch forth anew,

Where o'er the piny bars, that rise between

Friends dear, they hang their lovely flowered screen.

What spicery delicious they exhale!

And graceful balls the flowers leave behind,

For varied uses seed and bloom avail,

The sunny beauty, winy taste combined.

While they luxuriant trail where hands may guide,

From lofty height, or earth make fair beside.

Oft 'neath their circled leaves I pluck the flower,
And swift with others lovely fragrance bind,
That patient hands may clasp a little hour

And brief forgetfulness of suffering find In thought of beauty—friend's remembrance dear To hearts on lowly beds with few to cheer.

I know a sweet-faced lady, old in grace,

Whose tender cadences, as oft we meet,

Are grateful as each flower's gentle face,

Though they but *look*, with sweetness so replete.

Such gift of blooms doth she on me bestow;

My fancy sheweth how nasturtiums blow.

September 25, 1901.

My Rose.

KNOW no flower that sweeter grows,
Trained in this garden of my Lord
Where Charity hath watch and ward,
Than is my lovely little Rose.

Ah, Rose, white Rose, thou climb'st my tower Whose windows face the ocean side,
Where sun-flecked sails e'er seem to bide,
Thou mak'st for me a pleasant bower.

When forth I go, within my hand

The Rose doth fold there softly blown,

It leadeth me through ways unknown —

A perfumed touch, love's sweet command.

And my Rose hath a coronet

Of leaves so white in shade or sun,

Sweet Charity the Rose hath won —

A Sister fair I'll ne'er forget.

Sister Rose wore a white cornette like a bonnet. Carney Hospital.

To Ada M.

KNOW a maiden fair and full of grace,
A gentle gladness shineth in her face;
While her soft eyes light up with tender beam
Her flowing locks a golden mantle seem.
At morn and eve her spirit waits to pray;
A father's love and joy is she alway.

I hear the robins sing of early spring;
The wild wood-flowers are in their blossoming;
She scans each nook where forest-fairy weaves,
And findeth gems of moss, with birds and leaves;
Then lightly springing down the tangled way,
Kissed by the sun her wind-blown tresses stray.

While many eyes on her loved father wait,
Her sweetness maketh glad hearts desolate.
Dear patient one! I would thee close enfold,
Nor deem it strange thou lov'st dog 'Fox' to hold,
He cares for thee, the faithful Esquimaux;
Thus doth thy tender soul sweet nature show.

While thy skilled fingers lines of beauty wake, Thy father loves, good doctor kind, to make All well of pain the eyes of those who come. A lovely place is this sweet country-home Where wife and mother graciously presides, The household-fairy close to each abides.

Massillon. 1874.

Dandelions.

That 'broider earth with lowly stars;
Their smile the gate of spring unbars,
And lingers in the autumn keen.

E'er smile to us, ye sun-kissed flowers!

Your lovely ghosts will haunt the air
In silken globes with silver hair,
The sport of breeze and childhood's hours.

Sweet child-hands toss in merry play

Thousands of slender, shining seeds.

Were these but gentle, loving deeds

The world would soon be fair as they.

Some curl the pipes in graceful rings,

And toy their prettiness the while,

Till other pleasure doth beguile

Than speeding these winged blossomings

O'er wild and mead, by cottage door.

These vagrant blooms that haunt the street,

Down trodden by the many feet,

Are garden outcasts evermore.

Bright waifs, that everywhere find place
Uncared for, save by Hand Divine,
Their lifted heads with gladness shine
And teach our hearts a lowly grace.

Thoughts Among flowers.

ob strewed with fairy flowers the earth,
With starry blooms the sky,
Beauty surrounding us from birth
Enchanting heart and eye.

They lift their dainty heads to bless

Decked out in sweet attire,

They gift us with their loveliness

And praise to God inspire.

They grace and charm the shaded nook,

The poor man's home make glad,

The suffering win to brighter look,

Breathe hope to cheer the sad.

For this Flower Ministry so sweet

We fragrant baskets pile,
That these bright messengers may greet

The sick, and pain beguile.

Their innocence doth seem to speak:

"The Lord for thee doth care."

And, entering the spirit meek

Lifts it to love and prayer.

The little children stoop to find
Or reach for them above,
Fair blossoms loving much we bind.
We, children of God's love.

And these sweet flowers that bloom so bright,

They seem as they were given,

Like spirits from the world of light,

To raise our thoughts to Heaven.

On Receiving a beautiful Bouquet.

THERE is no heart, which God's sweet love enshrines, Whence will not from its tender depths upspring For suffering one some beauteous offering With grace of thought, the stranger's heart entwines.

And there are lives, so still to outward seeming.

No depth of current seems to rippling flow,

Till, gazing into soulful deeps below,

We find the pearls amid bright wavelets gleaming.

O gentle one, where God's dear love is dwelling

With grace like that of these fair flowers I kiss,

I touch the hand that holds to me this bliss,

And breathe the lesson these loved blooms are telling.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful, the meek

Enwreathed in loving bonds do minister

In their sweet way; each odorous messenger

Doth seem, like God's reviving breath, to speak,

Distilling perfume—gentle deeds of lives

That touch earth's lowly ones and win to love

His will; so pure, so bright, so meek, they prove

That when the fragrant breath still upward strives,

Its parting, like sweet incense, lingering wreathes,

And o'er each loving one its spirit breathes.

Philadelphia. 1869.

My Cost Cove.

So long ago it seems — those tender sweet love-dreams

My grieving heart recalls with yearning sigh;

My love! my love! come back to me, I cry.

Oh, she was fair, with angel face and pale gold hair.

Alas! no more her gracious love my life will share.

The parting sun burned colours flaming in the west,
The birds sang soft good-night, but loveliest in my sight
Was she, so dear, unto my heart close prest.
My love! I sigh, would I with thee might rest.
But all is still; the voice is hushed my heart could thrill;
Its memory of sweet delight my soul doth fill.

Blue tear-dimmed eyes looked into mine, when rose the sun — Love's glance, our last farewell, the anguish none could tell
As we marched on. Then fierce the battle, won —
Alas for my command, ere it was done
I, wounded, prisoned, pined; news sped; she thought me dead.
Oh wrong! how could I know ill news had so misled.

Unconscious long I lay; but kind the foe I feared,
And when exchanged were we, my heart leapt to be free;
Now to my love I speed and home endeared. —
What funeral-train all white with flowers is neared?
One spake her name at last, when faintness o'er me passed.
O dearest heart and true, despairs my soul downcast.

Alas! my saddened life comes never to an end.

How swift my love hath flown! bravely I strive alone;

My heart so torn oft feels her o'er me bend

With loving clasp. O my lost love! sweet friend! —

They missed his soldier-pace; they sought his gentle face;

Cold on her tomb he smiling slept — love's last embrace.

Rome, 1901.

To My Tilian.

An Acrostic.

- L ilian is a fairy, Lilian is so true,
- I n her happy spring-time, loving much to do,
- L oving light of knowledge ever to attain,
- I n the house melodious is her songful strain.
- A iry little fairy, praising with the lyre,
- No oble, Church-devoted, leading in the choir.

Dear and winsome sweet-heart, she doth love inspire.

W hite and pure her nature, ne'er to do a wrong,

H aving many talents—sweetest, gift of song,

I n her voice is music souls to satisfy,

T ruly she gives pleasure, while her aims are high,

E ven like a sunbeam, life to glorify.

Rome. 1902.

To Lillian M.

An Acrostic.

- L ilies were a theme of Christ the Holy
- I n the blessed words He spake on earth,
- L ilies gorgeous Lilies fair and lowly.
- L oving service lendeth them their worth.
- I f He so array, fairer graced than they
- A rt thou Lilly voicing praise with strings,
- N ow in gladness sweet to Him it rings.

Berlin. 1902.

A Cegend of Abraham.

One day sat Abraham before his tent,

When came a mendicant with age o'er-bent;

Then was his heart with such compassion stirred

That he arose straightway with welcome kind,

And laved the weary feet, ere food was brought

With eager joy the fainting wanderer sought;

Then sore amazed was he his guest to find

Forgetting thanks to God for mercies new,

And queried him, when thus the answer came:

"I worship fire—the fire and the flame."

Now Abraham at this so wrathful grew

He thrust him forth. Then God to him did turn:

"Lo! Abraham, a hundred years I 've borne

With him, yea more; now is thy heart so torn

This once. Thy patience gone, thy wrath doth burn."

Just Abraham found his rejected guest

And brought him back, instructing him in love.

Then was the smile of God sent from above,

And lo! a soul in purity was drest.

God's Strange Way of Reckoning.

"They likewise received every man a penny."

Whilst Thou didst four times since the idle call,
When even came a penny gave to all."
Why? pondered I o'er this long day of mine,
Strange reck'ning to each one, when work is done,
That gives to all a penny.

"Friend," was Thy word "didst thou not so agree?

I wrong thee not, take thine and go thy way.

'Tis Mine, My will, e'en though at close of day

One came, to give this last as unto thee."

So shall the first be last, when toil is past,

To every one a penny.

Then dawned the light unto my glad surprise.

One said, "Who willing serves from early morn
Hath sweet reward in heart where love is born—
Long peace, grace, hope, His presence dear; not wise 'Are they who miss the joy of Christ's employ,
Who is Himself the Penny.

Could one do more than give himself to save?

So wondrous 'tis. Now do I understand

How each is granted life in that fair land

Where brightest shines the Penny that God gave

Reflected in large heart, of Thee grown part

Dear Lord, who art the Penny.

The Gentle Shepherd.

" I am the Door of the sheep."

S. John X. 7.

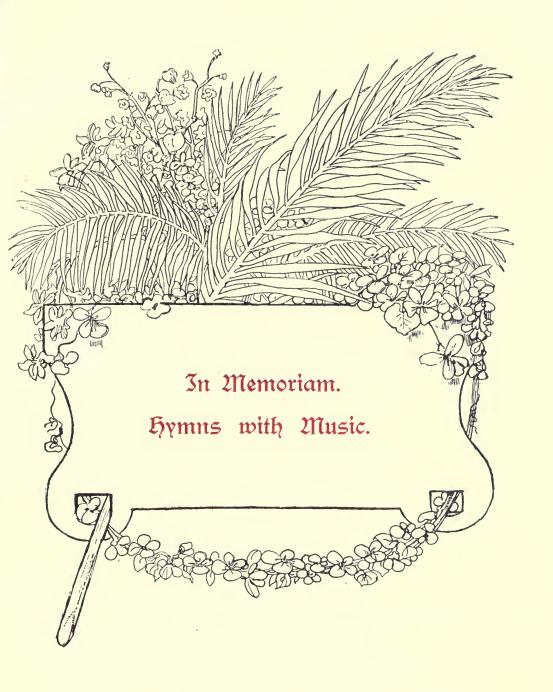
The winds outspread my garments by the way,
Night 'dews my hair, the sun hath fervent heat,
In lonely vales, o'er mountains wild, nor sleep
Have I, but ever care the night, the day,
Sometimes in sun-lit mead with flowers sweet;
But when the eventide comes drear and cold
I would that all should rest within the fold.

My sheep are many; some ne'er straying go,
Some love to linger in the pastures green
That wither soon, nor rain nor spring doth feed,
While in secluded haunts the grasses grow.
Rough ways I lead them, but sweet herbs they glean,
Then reach the rills where grateful shade they need.

At eventide, when are their numbers told, Should one be missed, alone I leave the fold, And after search in weariness and pain
The wandering sheep bear on My shoulder in;
Then all the ninety-nine with Me rejoice
O'er straying one returned. The bruise, the stain
I healing cleanse, till whitest wool I win.
Lo! when their names I call, they list My voice
And follow Me, for evermore controlled
By Love that guides, that keeps them in the fold.

The Shepherd Good am I, My life I give
The sheep to save. I know them all, am known
Of Mine, and other sheep have I which are
Not of this fold, them I must bring to live
And follow; they shall hear My voice—Mine own;
And there shall be one fold, one shepherd's care.
Then thieves no longer dare to climb the fold,
For of the sheep I am the Door. Behold!







L'Envoi.

Whose mystic number severeth this bond

Of Christian love, accept our thanks, our tears;

We know thy heart will tenderly respond.

For we have had its sympathy in joy

And grief, its willing sacrifice of love

So brave, enduring in God's sweet employ

Of winning souls to Him. And high above

All thought of self hath been this one to thee—

"God's House of worship should be ever free."

For this thy joy so unrequited. Peace!

His heavenly grace thy generous soul doth feed
With oil of gladness; never may it cease

In prayer for us; the harvest may it speed,

And from thy sowing, sheaves of plenty bear!

Then memory of self-denying past

Be sweet to thee, reward thy faithful care,

Rich blessings fill thy closing years at last,

When tender lips be mute, nor prayer forth send;

Blest man of God, thy crown—the poor men's friend.

On the resignation of the Rev. Dr. James A. Bolles, Rector of S. Peter's free Church, Cleveland, Ohio. He had previously resigned the rich living of old Trinity for a poor free Church in Boston. He was greatly beloved by all.

1879.

3 Would at Eventide so Rest.

HEN o'er the distant hills the gold and purple clouds,
A sea of glory seem, and in the West the sun
Majestic fades, ere night with misty veil enshrouds
His form, e'en as a good man when his work is done
Enfolded of the angel slumbers, trusting Him,
As shadows nearer creep, and sunlight growing dim

Lingers in benediction, would upon my head

Were golden gleam at eventide while sinking down,

Again to rise. How distant seems the morn! the dead

How silent! but that morn will break, with glory crown;

And lo! the radiant sun (as 'healing from His wings'

The soul illumes) earth's morrow crowns, life, beauty brings.

Then, mother earth, enfold thy lowly ones, and spare

No tenderness, soft may they sleep who will awake.

For o'er the gentle souls of those who sought His care

He sendeth angel-guardians, loving for His sake,

Sweet thought to minister to weary ones, and thus

"He giveth His beloved sleep," and evening comes to us.

O holy hour! when sing the birds sweet evensong,

And melody of distant bells comes to mine ear—
Church bells, whose music thrills the drowsy air along
With solemn organ-tones, as those I loved to hear,
And when with gently folded leaves the flowers sleep,
I with them, they to wake and o'er me vigil keep.

Then on some grassy hill-side, where soft shadows fall
Of quaint old trees, and leaves in autumn time aglow
With crimson, brown, and flowers whose depths of fragrance call
The honey-bee, I list through busy hum the low
Sweet murmuring voice, that through the woody dell replies,
And feel the sunshine's warming gleam o'er closéd eyes.

'Twould not seem dreary dying, if one might so rest 'Midst gentle nature pure and beauteous, anear To Him; yet, if His will denieth me, 'tis best.

I'll dream no more; what need, when loving souls do here Resign earth's weary form; led by that gracious Hand And folded in His robes of righteousness they stand?

On the Death of our Beloved President Cincoln, the Nation's Martyr.

1865.

LL the land is full of mourning, mourning, mourning

For the dead.

E'en the very heavens are weeping, weeping, weeping;
Aye, weep the nation's joy o'ercast,
The agony has come at last.

Sweep o'er the nation's heart, O news so dire,
Thou touchest depths unutterable of woe,
And wak'st to life again its smouldering ire
To fall with fearful vengeance on the foe.
Ah! loving Saviour crucified,
Hadst Thou but willed, he had not died,

And the land would not be mourning, mourning For the dead,

Nor pitying heavens with tender rain be weeping, weeping.

Aye, weep the people's Leader slain,

Done dead, and on the Land this stain.

Shot through the head! Such coward deed to steal
Behind defenceless man with cool intent
To murder him; O deed most foul! we feel
Our very brain with horror freeze, and bent
In sorrow, Lord, we turn to Thee;
We weep and pray unceasingly.

All the land is full of mourning, mourning For the dead,

And pitying skies are softly weeping, weeping That such a wicked deed is done,

Such noble heart its race hath run.

Ah! martyred Leader, 'twas not given to thee
To tread the promised land, only to gain,
Like Moses, view from mountain-top and see

What glory in the future 'twould attain. But thou hast saved, when rending hand despoiled, And gained thy people's love for whom love toiled.

All ye stricken people mourning, mourning, mourning, Be ye comforted!

In that Better Land his soul is praising, praising;
For evermore his Lord will praise,
Who doth the good from evil raise.

A nation's freedmen weep in bitter tears

And vengeance cry—our country's saviour dead; With maledictions will the pitying years

In righteous judgment heap the murderer's head; Dishonoured e'er his name in history, And his dishonoured form accursed will be. Toll, ye mighty bells with mournful, mournful pealing

For the dead!

Cease not, O ye pitying skies your weeping, weeping, For all the people's heart is grieved,
Of loving father, friend bereaved.

Thy noble name, like Washington's, shall e'er In history revered breathe sweetest thought Of gentle deeds like fragrant flowers; thy care

The people felt, and thy dear memory fraught With their high gratitude shall cause to spring Bright deeds—the prowess of thine offering.

Toll, oh! toll, ye bells funereal, tolling, tolling,
Weep, ye veiléd heavens, the nation's grieving, grieving;
Ye minute guns, sad booming fall,
And drooping flags, fit emblems all;
The people's mourning, mourning
The Martyr dead.

"There remaineth, therefore, A Rest to the People of God."

HERE is a rest to God's own people given,
So near allied to Heaven,
Soft airs of Paradise
Breathe o'er their slumbering eyes
With glory from the Lord deriven.
God's ways are not the ways of changeful man,
Mysterious wisdom hides His wondrous plan,
Ere suffering doth its graciousness unfold,
Of earthly dross refining purest gold.

A little while of toil and care and pain

To grow Christ-like; else vain

To seek that heavenly place

Without His loving grace,

Or hope the crown of joy to gain.

I knew a man so full of grace divine,

Its brightness o'er his gentle face did shine—

His soulful eyes alight with tender beam,

His lovely flowing locks—a silver gleam.

Of such God's blessing might we kneeling seek,

For, through a soul so meek

God's benison would come

Restful, as nearer Home;

But never more to us his soul will speak,

Or sweetly ask "Dost pity me?" He smiled,

"Am I, whose sufferings He hath gracious whiled,

Who tenderly will lead me to the end

In need of pity with such loving Friend?

"Close to His robes of righteousness I cling,
And through the shadows sing,
For in the dark unseen
The Rock on which I lean,
My way upholds with comforting."
Thus with sweet words of patient, trusting love,
So beauteous with graces from above,
Calmly, as for a pleasant journey drest,
His gentle soul sank peacefully to rest.

One early dawn of God's sweet, holy day
A birdling's joyous lay,
(As if an angel sang,)
Through the still air out-rang,
And winged his waiting soul away.
Now robes of priestly white, with cross adown,
Infold him safe, to wait the promised crown;
One perfect flower upon his breast was placed
With stainless leaves, as his sweet life was graced.

Meek slumberer, kind earth doth gently press,

Thy reverend form caress,

Until that heavenly morn,

In His pure likeness born,

Thou, too, wilt share His gloriousness.

Then was it chastening Hand that led His own

Through suffering ways up to the Father's Throne?

How gladsomely—the lonely river near—

He leaned upon His staff without a fear.

O mourning hearts, weep not the loving one
Who sleeps—his rest begun—
Returning never more
From off the nearing shore.
Ye shall him join whene'er your work is done,
Led by the Lamb where living fountains flow
And God shall wipe away all tears sad eyes now know.

When the Rev. A. Varian fell asleep. 1868.

"Make Every Day a King."

It is related of General Garfield, that having been invited to a small town,he found an audience of but two persons.

In town obscure no looked for throng did bring;
But two heard, marvelling, when his wise reflection
Was only — "I make every day a king."

O heart that loves, so eager for the doing,

Dear patient one, thy soul's great longings spring,

Through silent ways the Master's steps pursuing,

Faint not, but strive, make every day a king!

Make every day as though life's written pages

Would fold at eve with song of birds a-wing;

Have faith, do well whate'er thy power engages,

God's love rewards. Make every day a king!

Lift high thy soul in some sweet brave endeavour,

Life's vexing ills are powerless to sting

The child of God, whose love will crown thee ever,

E'en to the end. Make every day a king!

Brave orator, beloved! who thus ascended

Life's topmost round. Those famed in anything,

Great gift or small, with patient faith have tended

The precious hours that make each day a king.

Decoration Day at the Comb of President Garfield.

E sleeps all flower-laden in the tomb

Who was a ruler wise, the nation's head.

And through this beauteous city of the dead

Each soldier's grave this day bears fragrant bloom.

Crossed swords, of flowers wrought, doth entrance bar Where pilgrim thousands come as to a shrine,
And wreathéd green the stone façade doth twine,
Whose Gothic height is held by one white star;

While on the bronzéd casket's side are borne
Fair wreath and garland twined by gentle hand,
O'er him sweet blooms in vase and baskets stand,
Love's tribute to the martyred Chief all mourn.

I bring for him bunched violets dear to me;

The braided wire my near approach doth stay

And sentinels, who pace by night and day

Lest his untimely sleep disturbed should be.

No spot more fair awaits the long repose,

Where Nature with the charm of art doth blend
In hill and vale and lakelets' graceful bend;
'Mid trees rare shrub in gorgeous colour blows.

The swan's wild note doth pierce the solemn air,

Where those who sleep God's angel, Peace, hath blest,

No care nor pain nor ill shall mar their rest.

To them God's love shall wondrous ways declare.

Cleveland. 1884.

In Coving Memory of the Right Reverend Phillips Brooks, D.D.

A soul hath gone, so full of heavenly grace,

One marvels it hath all too swiftly sped.

The life was rich in graceful, stately prime

That waited not the solemn steps of time.

A voice is hushed, whose silver tones were power,

Like some prophetic seer of old he taught,

His beauteous imagery enwrapt the hour

While Love's great message souls illumined caught;

With fearless grasp he burning words made known,

And hearts convinced in ways the Lord hath shewn.

He stood as one unique. Loved memory dwells
On words swift-winged, which Christian life portrayed
Like Aaron's robe, whose fringe of golden bells
Tinkling revealed his way, melodious made;
Pomegranates luscious hung the bells between,
That holy fruit might symbolized be seen.

His towering presence, gracious mien and speech,
As woman's sweet, held with magnetic charm,
While torrent-like poured words the Christ to preach,
The Son of God and Son of Man, whose arm
Sought hearts of earth in brotherhood of love,
That Perfect Man might plead for man above.

So should God's fatherhood His children find

Through faith that, as in vision, can behold
His tender pitying nature ever kind;

Man's sympathy with man would love unfold, Life richer make, in God's great love and fear, To hearts who sing His holy psalms grown dear. *

With vision clear he sought the heights of God
And taught 'Life's Symmetry' with holy lore,
Himself forgot as faithful way he trod;

Twice gifted, thus to preach and upward soar; Thought shrined in scholar-face, a manhood grand, So fine and strong with grace from God's good Hand. With sympathy profound, a shepherd true,

He lives in hearts his wingéd words would stay,
Inspiring precious growth in souls he drew,

And hopeful gave in gentle, bounteous way.

Like that pure knight of Arthur's reign he seemed;

Earth's loving cup more tears hath than he dreamed.

True heart, brave, honest, eloquent and great!

Whose labours filled the Master's years he served

With zeal of word and deed, that scarce could wait

The fruitage God hath to His saints reserved.

The world laments, the Church will crown him long,

While God hath given those flame-touched lips 'new song.'

^{*} From his last Address: "Going through life singing the psalms of God, and making life richer and richer in love and fear of God." February. 10, 1893.

he Coveth Best.

E loveth best within whose breast The love of Christ is shed;

His grateful heart doth love impart
As one gives daily bread.
And thus for gracious love distilled
An hungered one his heart hath filled.

He loveth best whose soul hath pressed

The sweet from bitter cup,

In loved accord with his dear Lord

Who stooped to drink it up.

Grown strong and brave his heart of need

The Master's tender love doth feed.

Doth wait upon his God,

So all alone, with tear and moan,
His pleading bends the rod.

For love he doth each burden bear
With radiant look, as angels wear.

He loveth best with holy zest,

Whom much hath been forgiven;
The wicked sin that entered in—

Jesus its bond hath riven.

Low kneeling at His sacred feet,
To do His will is joy replete.

Who loveth best doth patient rest

Through suffering on God's word,

And e'er abide close to His side,

With supplication stirred.

Pain's arrow keen doth lose its sting,

When love, through death, is crownéd king.

He loveth best whose cherished guest
Is Father, Spirit, Son,
God loveth all, both great and small,
His love hath victory won.
Now Hope, with Love's believing eyes,
Beholds the gleam of Paradise.

A Barland for the Comb of President McKinley.

The strong, brave heart whose love the people knew.

All day the sobbing rain doth blind the window-pane,
While sorrow blinds sad eyes with weary tears

For that illustrious one, Ohio's murdered son—

Her storied page hath two this score of years;

Nor hath since Lincoln's time such counsel sage

Held reins of war these laden years to wage.

He was so faithful, just and kind, sincere
In youth's bright morn to serve his country dear;
Yet cruel and Judas-like one aimed with death to strike;
Ended his patient toil for good of men.
Avenge, O Lord! we cry, pass not Thy servant by!
Behold! the evil stalks with fire and pen,
While he, who saint-like walked life's blameless way,
With God's pure light illumed, his country's stay

Lies stricken, cold; though his last gifted speech
Far-seeing, wise, still earnest pleads to reach
With less restrictive hand, e'en to each foreign land;
His wondrous will could thus with broadness change
In noble cause of right, that peace might close unite.
Lo! every nation weeps at deed so strange,
With our dear land the funeral knell is tolled,
Each cries with us, Remove the fiends so bold!

With anguished heart we say, God's will be done.

He served with love, his brilliant course is run;

Untimely tomb doth hide, but evermore will bide

In loving hearts enshrined one grand and good,

The Patriot pure, who fell his country serving well.

How graciously with cordial hand he stood,

Then prayed, "Forgive him, God." As Lincoln brave

Drew hearts of men, such love and strength he gave

With grace of word, that gladdened each to share.
How sweet to her, beloved, his tender care!
How beauteous to find two souls so intertwined!
Companion, love and friend was she to him,
Her sunshine he. 'Tis night, O God, Thou givest light
Still shining o'er lone way, with sorrow dim.
A stricken people, mourning, prayerful bend,
And e'er for her, so loved, will prayers ascend.

His honoured name in history revered

Shall stand with martyred Lincoln's, so endeared

To all for evermore. Such calm of power he wore,

So simply brave and firm was he at need,

In war's most dangered field was daring grace revealed,

His lofty soul stooped not to wrongful deed.

For him who now presides in highest place

The Nation prays for wisdom, strength and grace.

Hamburg. 1901.

Henry W. Congfellow.

Doth pierce the world's great heart, which loved him so,
With tender sorrow, through whose depths the glow
Of his rare thought breathes life, not sad farewell.

Immortal verse, so crowned, can never die,

Though unto us his grave, sweet, gentle face,

Where gifted soul outshone with tender grace,

Ne'er more shall speak nor list earth's weary cry.

"The silver cord is loosed" that bound him here;

"The golden bowl is broken" full a brim

With overflow of years so graced by him;

Shrined in our hearts, to other lands as dear

With sweet home-words and beauteous imagery;
A shining river, so munificent,
To souls athirst dispensing, yet ne'er spent
But flowing on, leaves radiant a sea

Of lofty thought, romance and sacred lore,

And garlands wrought with flowers of every land,
God's holy Word touched with a reverent hand,
While all the blossoms gentle lessons bore.

The graceful numbers have so oft been told,

The weary-hearted may their fragrance press

That sweet exhales, refreshing, and to bless.

The children his great heart did close enfold;

With rills of gladness they his kindness 'joyed,

And strewed his birthdays with rare gifts so meet;

His limpid voicings breathed to them life sweet

And beautiful, nor age in youth alloyed.

"Into the Silent Land" Hope's blossoms borne,
One leading him with gentle hand, he passed;
While fame and fortune at his feet were cast,
Life's earnest work complete, its honours worn.

Shadow hath fallen in that home revered,

Twice honoured, classic grown. Their grief, who bear

His name beloved, our hearts bereft must share,

Our sympathy bless those to him endeared.

This loving tribute is so all unworth,

I bow my head; for wondrous sweet and rife
With beauty, sorrow-touched, serene, his life
A gentle benediction was to earth.

1882.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

HEN wearied with earth's anxious vexing cares,
And wearing pain doth haunt the soul depressed,
How sweet to feel, His tender love prepares
(E'en through much suffering) for that glorious rest
Those, loving most His holy ways to keep,
And then,—"He giveth His belovéd sleep."

We breathe the perfume sweet of summer air,

The glowing beauty filling earth and sky,

Praising the bounteous Hand, which everywhere

Hath strewn such loveliness to greet the eye,

With grateful heart and brave we climb life's steep,

And soon "He giveth His belovéd sleep."

The wide world through, one sorrow comes to all.

Though e'er so lovingly our hearts entwine,

Nor dream that us the shadowy angel's call

Can wound, but oh! our dearest to resign,

Bending His will, sad hearts with anguish deep

Mourn, when "He giveth His beloved sleep"—

Mourn light of loving eyes on us no more

In tender radiance to rest, nor list

The dear familiar step and voice that o'er

Our hearts trilled joyously; erewhile we missed

Its loving tones. Oh! why should death all sweep

Away?—" He giveth His beloved sleep."

Sleep to the weary one so worn with pain;

How sweet He rests now that life's work is done!

E'en as a child, spent with long play, hath lain

Awearied down, so him, the victory won,

Safe through the crystal bars the angels keep

They bear, to whom the Lord hath given sleep.

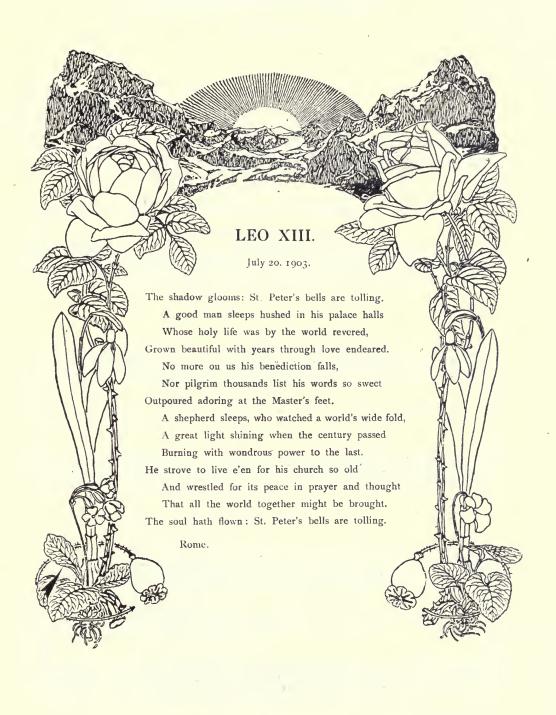
Safe, safe at last, with angel hosts he wakes,

And, lo! the Holy One hath breathed anew
In angel-innocence his form; soft breaks

The beauteous morn, and o'er the Heavenly view
Majestic His resplendent glories sweep,
Who gently "giveth His beloved sleep."

Ah! why should death so dread to all appear,
And o'er that silent tide far distant seem
The waiting shore, when unseen wings are near
Upholding? Through the dark Hope sends a gleam
So radiant, death's shadows o'er us creep
Nor harm. "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Bereavéd hearts! that he hath passed away
Grieve not; the dearest are the first to go.
His chastening Hand to love, oh! humbly pray!
He doeth well, nor willing grieves, for so
Our souls are purified, and though we weep
We know: "He giveth His beloved sleep."



Hymn. Protection.

(CLEVELAND).

Music by F. Norman Adams.







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Hymn. Protection.

HEN the bright morn I see,
My soul I lift to Thee,
Jesus, my King:
E'er in my heart abide,
Each day till eventide
Thy comfort bring.

Light me in darkened hour,

Be my protecting power,

On Thee I lean.

Turn Thou my heart to praise

E'en through life's troubled ways

And sorrows keen.

Thus by no ill beguiled,
O Father, keep Thy child,
Thy Spirit pour;
That to some weary heart
Thy love I may impart,
Thine aid implore.

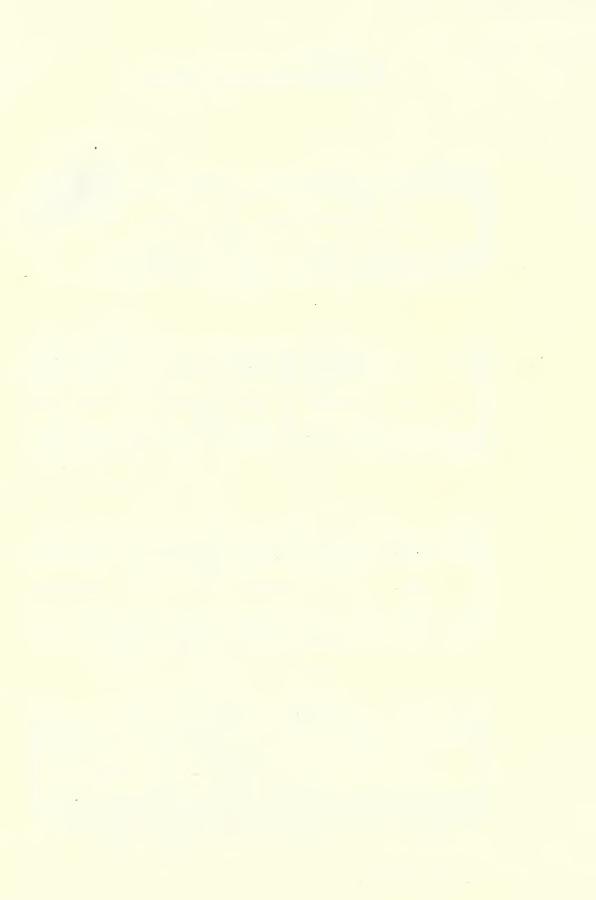
Bear me on gracious wings
Seeking in holy things
To soar above.

Grant me Thy grace to win
If but one soul from sin
To Jesus' love.

Love, that hath gladness wrought,
Holds me with yearning fraught
To see Thy face;
Naught shall my sight obscure,
When Thou hast made me pure
In heavenly grace.

Amen.

Published in "The Churchman" 1882 - "The Hymnal Report" 1889-92. Authorized for use in Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio, and sung in many Churches in Europe and America.



Confirmation Hymn.

Music by Leona Bynnes.



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Confirmation Hymn.

Be near to me, I would be true;

My lifted eyes Thy way to find,

Though clouds obscure the heavenward view,
Behold "the Light" still shining through.

Defend me, Thou, who art "the Way;"
Give wisdom, knowledge, heavenly grace,
Thy strength to do the right, I pray;
With holy fear my heart shall trace
Thy wondrous love outreaching space.

Defend me, Thou, who holy art;

I grieve such love as Thine to pain;
O Spirit, bide, illume my heart,
That I, renewed from earthly stain,
Through blessed Jesus life obtain.

Defend me, Thou, who art so pure;

My life I give into Thine Hand;

Beneath Thy sheltering arm secure

I rest, awaiting love's command,

Some time Thy way to understand.

Amen.

1894. Set to music and sung in the English Church. Berlin, 1902.

Whitsun Hymn.

Music by Lilian D. White,



Whitsun Hymn.



Spirit Holy come, each heart awaking That, sin forsaking,

Would follow Thee;

Whom Jesus sent in love for ever biding,

To comfort guiding

In blest degree.

Come, Holy One, Thy light o'er childhood burning.

To Jesus turning

Soul ardent, sweet;

Confirm with sevenfold gifts, O blest Defender,

That it may render

Glad service meet.

Lead in the way, unseen, we pray believing,

The soul receiving

Thee, Blessed One;

Love's temple for the Father beautifying,

Where, grace supplying,

Shines God the Son.

Spirit of truth, Thou wakest new endeavour,

Come, bind for ever

His life to Thine,

Inflame Thy Deacon's heart with ardour holy

To preach all lowly

The love divine.

Blest One, again descend, Thy gifts increasing,
With prayer unceasing
The soul assure;
Thy faithful Priest with love for ever glowing
Would Christ be showing,
His Cross endure.

Spirit of peace that with long patience pleadest,

The lone soul leadest

From out its night,

Thou at the door of love Thy watch art keeping,

A flame unsleeping

The way to light.

Come o'er the Bishop, benediction breathing.

Thy power bequeathing,

That he may give

As gave the Twelve; may serve His Lord rejoicing,

May list Thy voicing,

With God may live.

Amen.

Written and set to music. Rome. May. 26. 1902.



A Song of the Night.

Music by Louis M. Lester.



A Song of the Night.

N the courts of Heaven above

There is One whose name is Love.

Will He judge me unto death,
When with holy words He saith,
"Come ye weary, come to Me,
Lo! My life I gave for thee"?

Thus my gracious Lord I know,
For Thy love doth teach me so,
When my span of life shall end
Thou, the Judge, wilt be my Friend,
Though 'tis naught that I have done—
Only loved Thee, God's dear Son.

While I wait with grieving sore
That I have not loved Thee more,
Thou wilt reach and take me in
Whom thy Blood hath cleansed from sin,
With the Father reconciled,
Loving as a little child.

Biding in that heavenly place,
Joyed to see Thy gracious face,
Bending low with rapturousness
I Thy blessed Feet may press,
Never more to cause Thee pain,
Love be my new song's refrain.

Amen.



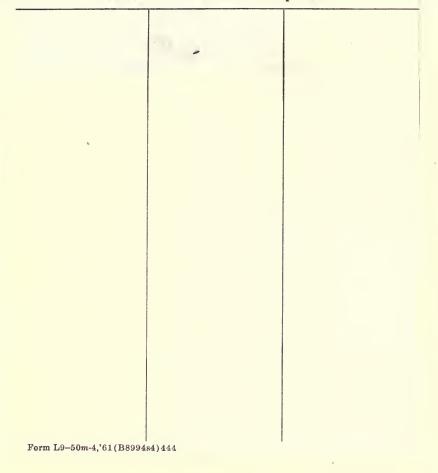






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